

SKIN DIVER

MARCH, 1955



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What Weaker Sex?

by Carl Kohler Page 6

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The SKIN DIVER

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Vol. IV March, 1955 No. 3

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Entered as second-class matter at the
post office at Lynwood, California

Published by The Skin Diver, P. O. Box 128, Lynwood, California, U.S.A., each month for the purpose of creating a further interest in skin diving and underwater spearfishing and to provide an advertising medium for manufacturers and retail merchants of equipment used by underwater fishing and hunting enthusiasts.

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are submitted bi-monthly by club publicity representative and consist of one typewritten page, double spaced, 200 words per report.

Address all correspondence to:

The SKIN DIVER

P. O. Box 128

Lynwood, California, U.S.A.

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Printed by Walfer Printing Company
Los Angeles, California

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year - \$3.00 Two Year - \$5.00
Five Year - \$10.00

Outside U.S. (one year) - \$4.00

British Subscription Representative:

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MARCH COVER

JO GILLEN, diver and authoress of "Beckett Reef or Bust," graces our cover this month. Many female divers are seen on the beach these days and glad we males are; especially if they are as "purl" as Jo. Photo taken along the California Coast near Cambrina Pines by Homer Lockwood.

the Hydrophone

By RICHARD CROSBY

NEWS IN SUITS. Market forecasters in Washington predict that men's swim shorts this coming season will be shorter than ever—more Bikini-like. Also that stretchable nylon will be the big thing in that line, the same material that is now sold as the new one-size men's socks that fit every foot. The new suits they say will be no larger in bulk than a folded handkerchief which could be carried in a back pocket while strolling to the beach. Another is a rumor that Pirelli is experimenting with the same stretchable nylon, called Helanca yarn, as fused to the inner surface of skin diving rubber suits. The new line, if successful, will feature having a nice feel against bare skin, plus a minute insulating layer of air for diving in moderate temperatures. Nothing definite yet.

UNDERWATER TV, ANYONE? Not such a rich man's plaything after all. If you write to RCA, Dept. E48, Bldg. 15-1, Camden, New Jersey you can get full information on closed-circuit television known as the RCA-TV-Eye. Using the new miniature camera no larger than a lunchbox, with camera-to-receiver line up to 1200 feet possible, you can rig your own blimp for the camera and get a deep peek at the bottom without getting wet. Complete system is now available for commercial installations at \$995. Elsewhere large, obsolete type cameras are available as low as \$225 each if you know how to hook it up from there on.

NOVA SCOTIA WRECK FOUND. While sport divers curtailed their diving with frigid December coming on, John Sweeney of Halifax, a former Navy diver working for the Nova Scotia Research Foundation dove to find an old chain believed to be from a French fleet scuttled 196 years ago to blockade British attackers. Mr. Sweeney thinks the wreck is nearby, probably covered by tons of mud in the harbor bottom at Louisburg. The number of ships scuttled is not known, during the incident occurring during the French and Indian War between Britain and France for control of North America. Mr. Sweeney is described as a veteran of scientific underwater research who is devoting his time to exploring the coast of Nova Scotia, which, he says, could keep him busy for twenty years.

BATHTUB SUIT. The U.S. Patent office granted a patent to an inventor in New York City in December, 1954 for a bathtub suit that looks very much like our own rubber suits for diving. The strange dress is a neck-high affair with fittings at the toes and wrists for filling-up with water. In all seriousness the inventor claims that the wearer can dump some soap suds in through the collar, and water through the fittings by way of a hose attached to each one at a time, "so that you can fill the arms without raising your arms," then I suppose one can run around the block three times sloshing around and no doubt foaming soap bubbles at the neck, while one gets a thorough bath. Then you drain yourself, says the inventor, and flush through at all the four points again. He says it's just the thing for taking a bath in those out-of-the-way places. Now, you too can take a standing-up bath wherever you happen to be, such as a telephone booth, in solitary confinement in the clink, or while driving to work. See, you don't have to throw away that old rubber suit, but rather go skin diving right at home!

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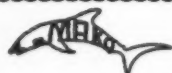


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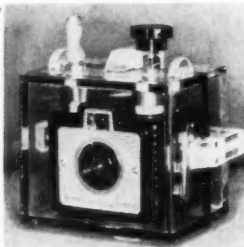
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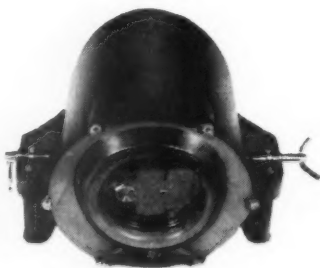
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BOOK REVIEW

By R. K. AWTREY

TO HIDDEN DEPTHS—Captain Philippe Tailliez
188 pp. E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc. New York

Captain Tailliez is a member of the French Navy's Undersea Research Group whose exploits have already been well publicized by Captain J. Y. Cousteau in *The Silent World*. In *To Hidden Depths* Tailliez has given us an autobiography of his skin diving experiences which commenced in 1937, when he and the then Midshipman Costeau served in the same French cruiser, and continue up to the present. The resulting book I found to be the most readable and interesting of the rapidly growing number on skin diving.

The adventures of the original members of the spearfishing fraternity along the French Mediterranean coast were cut short by World War II. After the French surrender, however, a number of the old crowd gradually drifted back to a diving group which seemed to devote most of their time to shooting several underwater movies concerning the sunken ships, of which there were many along the coast. After the war Tailliez, Cousteau, and Dumas formed what became the Undersea Study and Research Group. Initially most of their assignments had to do with mine disposal but soon the scope of their activity widened. The group was called upon, among other things, to explore the fountain of Vaucluse (a sort of water-filled version of our Carlsbad Caverns), relocate and salvage the cargo of an ancient ship which foundered over 2,000 years ago off Mahria on the North African coast, and to assist in the descent of Professor Picard's bathyscaphe. These adventures, as recounted by Tailliez, furnish exciting reading.

One of the last chapters describes the descent of the French Navy's bathyscaphe to bottom at a record depth of 13,287 feet. Tailliez was in charge of the surface operations for this dive and readers will find the account to be one of the most interesting parts of the book. The author foresees a great future in submarine exploration by the bathyscaphe and predicts that by such means a subaqueous Sir Edmund Hillary will one day plant, at 36,000 feet below, the last banner marking a discovery.

There are 38 photographs in the book, most of which are high quality underwater shots, eight being in color. The book is one of the best yet on our sport—every reader of this magazine should have it on his five-foot shelf of skin diving books. ➤

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Vitamins For The Oxygen Hungry

by TED LEVCHENKO

During work or exercise the body requires energy and the ultimate source of energy is the burning of carbohydrates. Muscles use three kinds of fuel: carbohydrates, fat and proteins. Carbohydrates are used preferably when the reserves are high and the exercise is severe. During periods of training in which growth of the muscles occurs, more protein than usual is required for the construction of tissue.

The rate of oxygen uptake is proportional to the speed and difficulty of the exercise. The limiting factors in exertion are the amount of oxygen that can be taken up during the exercise and the capacity for bodily accumulation of lactic acid. Briefly, fatigue in muscles is caused by a build up of lactic acid over and beyond the body's ability to remove the high percentage of it by partial oxidation and removal of the intermediary products of work. The amount of oxygen that can be taken up depends upon the ventilation of the lungs, the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood, the unloading power of the blood, and the output of the heart. Since these four vary in different persons, and in the same person according to physical fitness, the capacity for work or exercise will vary within the same limits.

If the oxygen supply is inadequate, the heart muscle will become oxygen hungry; or if the muscles fail to take up enough oxygen to oxidize the lactic acid, its accumulation in the blood will interfere with respiration and the duration of time that an individual can go without breathing.

Muscles liberate three-fourths of their energy in the form of heat and about one-fourth in the form of mechanical work. In humans, the heat liberated by the muscles maintains an optimum thermal environment for the body, and the excess over the amount required to maintain a constant temperature is dissipated.

The individual limits of humans vary within a wide range; the factors limiting total power in the course of performance are the nature of the muscles, the capacity for oxygen intake and the rate of oxygen delivery to the tissues. The efficiency of human muscles compares favorably with that of the steam and gasoline engines, but is considerably less than that of the diesel engine. It is decreased by high speed and heavy loads, age, and obesity, and increased by training and sound diet.

The most immediate cause of fatigue is undoubtedly the accumulation of metabolites, which are the products of work, the disposal of which does not keep pace with their formation during activity. Any factor leading to the removal of metabolites delays fatigue, and any factors interfering with their disposal hastens the onset of fatigue.

The experience of the English under the nutritional program of Sir John Boyd Orr and J. C. Drummond¹ is significant. As part of the program, the fortification of oleomargarine with Vitamin A and flour with thiamin and calcium increased the working capacity of the working population, which had subsisted on an inadequate dietary regime.

On a diet restricted in Vitamin B1 intake healthy subjects showed moodiness, sluggishness, and mental fatigue. When the intake was raised to 600 international units, the measured capacity for physical work was almost doubled.

The physical endurance of two groups of subjects in two tests—horizontal arm holding, and breath holding—has been compared after one group has received a liberal supply of wheat germ and whole grain cereals and the other, white bread and devitaminized cereals.²

Group	Group limit for arm-holding
1	43 minutes to 2 hours
2	13 minutes to 36 minutes
2	(given 5 mg. Vitamin B1 daily for one week)

1 hour 13 minutes to 2 hours 25 min.

Similar results were obtained with the breath-holding test. The improvement in performance in these two tests was attributed to an improved oxygen uptake and to a corresponding increase in oxidation of intermediate products as affected by the catalytic action of vitamins.

An increased intake of Vitamin B1, in all conditions requiring sustained muscular effort and increased oxygen uptake, has been recommended.

Footnotes:

¹ Editorial: Vitamins for war. Journal of American Medical Association 115: 1198, 1940.

² McCormick, W. J. Vitamin B1 and physical endurance. Medical Record 152: 439, 1940.

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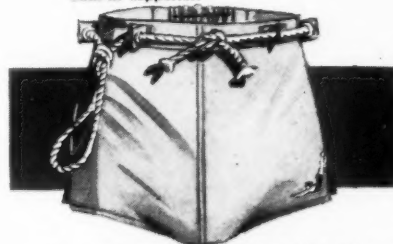
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SKIN DIVER—MARCH—5

WHAT Weaker Sex?

By CARL KOHLER

Ever since I first slung a snorkle over my ear and jammed the tootsies into swimfins, the little woman has nagged me to let her have a go at spearfishing. Although I am usually as effective as a spit-ball barrage against charging killer-whales when it comes to warding off her mad suggestions, she came out winners, recently, through sheer trickery. Winners, that is, temporarily.

"It's no sport for women," I declared, for perhaps the nine-hundredth time that morning. "Take my unvarnished word for it, sweetheart; you're better off lolling upon the beach while daddy does the adventuring. Besides, woman's place is behind the skillet."

"Oh, pfui!" she scoffed indelicately. "Joe Merkle-munch taught *his* wife how to skin dive. Now she goes everywhere with him. Gets as many big ones as he does, too."

"Don't tell me Joe Merkle-munch's troubles," I snapped testily. "I got problems of my own."

A nasty little glint crept into her eye.

"Afraid! Hahahahahaha!" she trilled. "You're afraid I might show you up, I bet! That's why you won't teach me how to spearfish! Hahahahahaha! Poor old Carl Kohler, the poor man's Cousteau, is scared that his wife might prove a better

skin diver than him!"

I shifted uneasily and snickered faintly.

"Don't be ridiculous!" I babbled nervously. "I can get bigger and better catches than any mere woman, any stormy day of the week, and you know it!"

She appeared unimpressed.

"Oh, I wouldn't put my life's savings on that," she cooed, lifting a lip in contempt. "If those minnows and runt-size lobsters you've brought home are any criterion of your so-called skilled efforts. And those microscopic abs!" she feigned mock-horror. "Where do you get the big, fat courage to attack *those* monsters of the deep, Buster?"

I drew myself up in restrained, cold rage and threw my chin up, dramatically, although the entire gesture somehow came off as a girlish toss of the head.

"Are you casting doubt upon my ability to dive?"

She looked warmly pleased with some private joke.

"Nah," she grinned, "I just don't see all this hullabaloo you've tried to hand out about how difficult spearfishing is. All this old guff about the most dangerous sport on earth and all that stuff like that there! Hoo, boy! Who do you think you're hoaxing?"



"And I suppose," I said, biting the words out, "you think it's a snap . . . a cinch . . . a bit of child's play?"

She shrugged callously.

"It doesn't do anything to me—the idea of chasing poor defenseless little fish around with a pointy stick, and then pretending you've done something big." Her smile was pure malice. "And, as I remember, you were pretty lousy at ping-pong, too!"

This was too much. I beat my head gently against the wall in fury. Suddenly, an idea began to sparkle.

"Look, babe," I murmured in dulcet tones, "I'll *take* you spearfishing. We'll have a little contest, you and I. Winner gets breakfast in bed every weekend for a year; loser washes and dries the dishes for a year. A deal?"

"I'll buy *that*!" she chirped joyously, "But remember, you suggested all this—so don't feel badly when I show you up, kiddo! It was your idea!"

Afterward, when my pulse subsided and the color returned to my face, I began wondering what vagrant mood of insanity had prompted me to dream up *that* little lopsided bargain. What if she actually *won*? Some of those skin diving gals were tops. I began trembling at the mental picture of a year's stint at the kitchen sink. Good Lord, I couldn't back out now. She had me. It *was* my idea.



"Blabbermouth!" I snarled, glaring at myself in the mirror.

Next day, we splurged for her outfit and the following day we headed for the beach. She was excited, enthusiastic and happier than a sandflea with a deed to the Sahara. Me, I felt lower than a flounder's underlip. Lower, maybe.

"Listen carefully," I stated as we waddled into the water. "Just cruise along on the surface, breathing evenly through the snorkel, and when you see a likely target—glide under and away we go."

"Right!" she chimed. "Where you gonna be, Sunshine?"

I tried, manfully, to beam. A pitiful attempt it was, too. I felt all the confidence of a toothless beaver at a treefalling festival. Anxiously, I eyed the spear-gun held carelessly in her pretty little mitt. Then I gave the surrounding area the quick once-over. Nobody in sight. If I stayed out of her range—only the fish were in danger . . . maybe.

"Right behind you, love," I crooned dismally.

"Because you're worried about me?" she asked, mistily.

"Ah . . . in a manner of speaking . . . yes," I replied truthfully.

We put the show on the road in jig-time. Despite my instructions (carefully garbled in vain hopes of confusing her), she commenced bagging fish with uncanny . . . ah . . . luck. Keeping one eye, protectively, on her—I looked but found nothing. And when I did spot a fish—she beat me to the shot. Just what I feared all along: baby-girl was a crackerjill. A darby, as the saying went when I was a juvenile delinquent.

"Not bad for a beginner, eh!" she bragged, gloating over her three medium-sized perch and two hefty bass. About 15 pounds of fish-flesh, I judged.

"Mmmmmmmmm," I said thoughtfully, frowning at the single, puny calico bass that had practically put himself on my spear. "Passable, passable. Don't get overconfident."

"Ho, ho!" she simpered. "Listen to the man! You better start figuring how you're going to explain those dish-pan hands at the next annual writer's clam-bake, Junior!"

"You're a doll," I observed crisply.

Then, I got a break. Drifting over the rocky bottom, about twenty feet down, she flushed a good-sized octopus. He slid off swiftly, frantically looking for better cover. I finned up beside her, jabbed her sharply in the ribs and indicated that she should go-get-him.

She streaked after him, nailing him neatly just as he made the dark opening of a small cavern. We surfaced for air.

"Now . . . what . . . do . . . we . . . do?" she asked between gulps of fresh air.

"We?" I said casually lifting an eyebrow. I sensed that, here, was a chance to gain lost ground. "We?" I repeated, my mien that of puzzled curiosity. "What do you mean 'we'?"

She paled a bit. "Surely, you don't think I'm gonna go back down there and fool around with that little horror, do you?" She swallowed hard and turned appeal-filled eyes upon me.

Yep, this was it all righty, all righty.

"Part of the show, m'dear, all part of the game," I said and yawned indifferently. "Better get down there while he's still stunned! Beastly things have a lot of fight in them, you know. As it is, I imagine it'll be a bit of nip and tuck getting the blighted out of his nook and all that." I yawned again.

"I have to get him, myself?" she pleaded.

I nodded, stifling a fat chuckle. "Definitely, old girl. You shot him. It's up to you to retrieve him or . . ."

"Or what?" she asked suspiciously.

"Lose him to me if I have to go get him." I tried to look disinterested and bored. "Rules, old thing, rules. Can't just shoot the poor fish and then claim him unless you bring him in, yourself. Hellish, eh?" I allowed a faint smile to play across my face. Boy, if I got away with *this*—I had it made. Right now, from the look on her slightly green face, she was wishing she'd never heard of spearfishing. A long moment ebbed. Somewhere a gull shrieked something obscene. Finally, she drew a long, shuddering breath.

"I'll try," she said gamely, and dove.

I followed her and we cruised up to the cavern where, with the barbed-shaft securely in him, the octopus lay frantically

threshing out his life. The murky water declared he already had vainly tried to improve his plight by inking up the matter. The wife tugged at the shaft and old Legs came out, wildly gyrating toward her.

The wife hit the surface in a hurry.

"Can't . . . do . . . it!" she gasped in a terrified voice. "I . . . just . . . can't . . . do . . . it!"

"May I have the pleasure?" I inquired. "I don't mind lugging that wiggly little bundle all the way up to the beach."

She shuddered at the thought.

"Consider him . . . yours . . . Buster."

So I went down again and manhandled the prize out of his cavern. The wife was already half-way to the beach when I came up with my mottled treasure. She was shook, for sure. Could have kissed the octopus—I was that happy. Instead, I patted him fondly and whistled triumphantly all the way in to shore. Naturally, he outweighed her total catch; just as I figured he would the first moment I spotted him.

Oh, Kohler! I blushed, you *devil*, you!

"Jolly good sport, eh?" I snorted gleefully. "What say we do it again tomorrow, honeypot?"

She glanced at the still twitching octopus and merely shuddered an expressive shudder.

Breakfast in bed is a fitting reward for we hardy adventurers of fathom and fin. I'm enjoying it immensely and there's been no further nonsense from the little lady about tagging my heels into the briny-blue. Once in a while I generously give her a hand with the dishes. It's the sporting thing to do, I always say.

What do you always say when you've had a close call? ☞



WHAT Weaker Sex?

By CARL KOHLER

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"Don't be ridiculous!" I babbled nervously. "I can get bigger and better catches than any mere woman, any stormy day of the week, and you know it!"

She appeared unimpressed.

"Oh, I wouldn't put my life's savings on that," she cooed, lifting a lip in contempt. "If those minnows and runt-size lobsters you've brought home are any criterion of your so-called skilled efforts. And those microscopic abs!" she feigned mock-horror. "Where do you get the big, fat courage to attack *those* monsters of the deep, Buster?"

I drew myself up in restrained, cold rage and threw my chin up, dramatically, although the entire gesture somehow came off as a girlish toss of the head.

"Are you casting doubt upon my ability to dive?"

She looked warmly pleased with some private joke.

"Nah," she grinned, "I just don't see all this hullabaloo you've tried to hand out about how difficult spearfishing is. All this old guff about the most dangerous sport on earth and all that stuff like that there! Hoo, boy! Who do you think you're hoaxing?"



"And I suppose," I said, biting the words out, "you think it's a snap . . . a cinch . . . a bit of child's play?"

She shrugged callously.

"It doesn't do anything to me—the idea of chasing poor defenseless little fish around with a pointy stick, and then pretending you've done something big." Her smile was pure malice. "And, as I remember, you were pretty lousy at ping-pong, too!"

This was too much. I beat my head gently against the wall in fury. Suddenly, an idea began to sparkle.

"Look, babe," I murmured in dulcet tones, "I'll *take* you spearfishing. We'll have a little contest, you and I. Winner gets breakfast in bed every weekend for a year; loser washes and dries the dishes for a year. A deal?"

"I'll buy *that*!" she chirped joyously, "But remember, you suggested all this—so don't feel badly when I show you up, kiddo! It was your idea!"

Afterward, when my pulse subsided and the color returned to my face, I began wondering what vagrant mood of insanity had prompted me to dream up *that* little lopsided bargain. What if she actually *won*? Some of those skin diving gals were tops. I began trembling at the mental picture of a year's stint at the kitchen sink. Good Lord, I couldn't back out now. She had me. It *was* my idea.



"Blabbermouth!" I snarled, glaring at myself in the mirror.

Next day, we splurged for her outfit and the following day we headed for the beach. She was excited, enthusiastic and happier than a sandflea with a deed to the Sahara. Me, I felt lower than a flounder's underlip. Lower, maybe.

"Listen carefully," I stated as we waddled into the water. "Just cruise along on the surface, breathing evenly through the snorkle, and when you see a likely target—glide under and away we go."

"Right!" she chimed. "Where you gonna be, Sunshine?"

I tried, manfully, to beam. A pitiful attempt it was, too. I felt all the confidence of a toothless beaver at a treefalling festival. Anxiously, I eyed the spear-gun held carelessly in her pretty little mitt. Then I gave the surrounding area the quick once-over. Nobody in sight. If I stayed out of her range—only the fish were in danger . . . maybe.

"Right behind you, love," I crooned dismally.

"Because you're worried about me?" she asked, mistily.

"Ah . . . in a manner of speaking . . . yes," I replied truthfully.

We put the show on the road in jig-time. Despite my instructions (carefully garbled in vain hopes of confusing her), she commenced bagging fish with uncanny . . . ah . . . luck. Keeping one eye, protectively, on her—I looked but found nothing. And when I did spot a fish—she beat me to the shot. Just what I feared all along: baby-girl was a crackerjill. A darby, as the saying went when I was a juvenile delinquent.

"Not bad for a beginner, eh!" she bragged, gloating over her three medium-sized perch and two hefty bass. About 15 pounds of fish-flesh, I judged.

"Mmmmmmmmm," I said thoughtfully, frowning at the single, puny calico bass that had practically put himself on my spear. "Passable, passable. Don't get overconfident."

"Ho, ho!" she simpered. "Listen to the man! You better start figuring how you're going to explain those dish-pan hands at the next annual writer's clam-bake, Junior!"

"You're a doll," I observed crisply.

Then, I got a break. Drifting over the rocky bottom, about twenty feet down, she flushed a good-sized octopus. He slid off swiftly, frantically looking for better cover. I finned up beside her, jabbed her sharply in the ribs and indicated that she should go-get-him.

She streaked after him, nailing him neatly just as he made the dark opening of a small cavern. We surfaced for air.

"Now . . . what . . . do . . . we . . . do?" she asked between gulps of fresh air.

"We?" I said casually lifting an eyebrow. I sensed that, here, was a chance to gain lost ground. "We?" I repeated, my mien that of puzzled curiosity. "What do you mean 'we'?"

She paled a bit. "Surely, you don't think I'm gonna go back down there and fool around with that little horror, do you?" She swallowed hard and turned appeal-filled eyes upon me.

Yep, this was it all righty, all righty.

"Part of the show, m'dear, all part of the game," I said and yawned indifferently. "Better get down there while he's still stunned! Beastly things have a lot of fight in them, you know. As it is, I imagine it'll be a bit of nip and tuck getting the blighted out of his nook and all that." I yawned again.

"I have to get him, myself?" she pleaded.

I nodded, stifling a fat chuckle. "Definitely, old girl. You shot him. It's up to you to retrieve him or . . ."

"Or what?" she asked suspiciously.

"Lose him to me if I have to go get him." I tried to look disinterested and bored. "Rules, old thing, rules. Can't just shoot the poor fish and then claim him unless you bring him in, yourself. Hellish, eh?" I allowed a faint smile to play across my face. Boy, if I got away with this—I had it made. Right now, from the look on her slightly green face, she was wishing she'd never heard of spearfishing. A long moment ebbed. Somewhere a gull shrieked something obscene. Finally, she drew a long, shuddering breath.

"I-I'll try," she said gamely, and dove.

I followed her and we cruised up to the cavern where, with the barbed-shaft securely in him, the octopus lay frantically

threshing out his life. The murky water declared he already had vainly tried to improve his plight by inking up the matter. The wife tugged at the shaft and old Legs came out, wildly gyrating toward her.

The wife hit the surface in a hurry.

"Can't . . . do . . . it!" she gasped in a terrified voice. "I . . . just . . . can't . . . do . . . it!"

"May I have the pleasure?" I inquired. "I don't mind lugging that wiggly little bundle all the way up to the beach."

She shuddered at the thought.

"Consider him . . . yours . . . Buster."

So I went down again and manhandled the prize out of his cavern. The wife was already half-way to the beach when I came up with my mottled treasure. She was shook, for sure. Could have kissed the octopus—I was that happy. Instead, I patted him fondly and whistled triumphantly all the way in to shore. Naturally, he outweighed her total catch; just as I figured he would the first moment I spotted him.

Oh, Kohler! I blushed, you *devil*, you!

"Jolly good sport, eh?" I snorted gleefully. "What say we do it again tomorrow, honeypot?"

She glanced at the still twitching octopus and merely shuddered an expressive shudder.

Breakfast in bed is a fitting reward for we hardy adventurers of fathom and fin. I'm enjoying it immensely and there's been no further nonsense from the little lady about tagging my heels into the briny-blue. Once in a while I generously give her a hand with the dishes. It's the sporting thing to do, I always say.

What do you always say when you've had a close call?



Legislation Affecting Skin Diving —in California

Submitted by

HOMER J. LOCKWOOD,
Pres. Calif Council of
Diving Clubs

The California Council of Diving Clubs has been instrumental in introducing or proposing all or a part of the following bills in the recent session of the California State Legislature. Please check them over and be prepared to back their passage by contacting your own assemblyman during the coming month:

Assembly Bill No. 1806

Relegates to the Division of Health and Safety the duty of licensing and regulating the purity of compressed air sold for use in self-contained underwater breathing units.

Assembly Bill No. 1976

Changes the method of measuring lobsters to 3¼ inches from rear edge of eye socket to rear edge of body shell. Traps must have 2 inch escape openings. Prohibits sale of lobsters taken by skin diving methods.

Assembly Bill No. 1975

Abalones. Closes commercial take from Gaviota to South limits of San Diego City (Dist. 20). Requires \$100.00 fee per commercial boat. No commercial diving closer than 150 feet from shore.

Assembly Bill No. 1646

Requires the forfeiture of the license of anyone convicted twice in a license year of a F. and G. violation. *Sport or Commercial.*

Assembly Bill No. 2360

It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or purchase Rock Scallops.

Assembly Bill No. 1806

Introduced by Messrs. Johnson, Shell, Patterson, Rees, Belotti, Grant, Holmes, Nisbet, and Stanley, January 18, 1955.

Referred to Committee on Public Health.

An Act to add Article 4 to Chapter 1, Div. 20 of the Health and Safety Code, relating to compressed air for underwater breathing devices.

24125. The department shall make and enforce such rules and regulations per-

The Air You Breathe Underwater

by **BILL BARADA**

The California Council of Diving Clubs is initiating legislation which is of vital importance to divers everywhere. This proposed law is being introduced into the present session of the California State Legislature, and controls the purity of the air which companies can pump into your lung bottles. If it passes, any operator who fills tanks for the public in the State of California will be required to be licensed by the State, and be subject to periodic inspection. At the present time there is no authority or regulations, and anyone who wishes can set up a home compressor and be in business. As a result some pretty foul air has been sold to unsuspecting divers.

Until detailed studies and tests can be made to determine the exact amount of impurities that can be tolerated in underwater use, we are asking that all air so used must meet the United States Pharmaceutical Standard for medical oxygen as regards freedom from oil and other harmful diluents. These standards are strict, but the Council believes that it is far better to be oversafe than risk the health of skin divers. We know that some companies have pumped carbon monoxide, exhaust gases, and dirt particles into their air, as well as the oil clinging to the walls of the compressors. The safest compressors are those in which the cylinders are lubricated with water and soap solution. We also know that some companies have been negligent in providing proper filters and lax in the maintenance

taining to the preparation and sale of compressed air for use in underwater breathing devices including aqua lungs, as it deems necessary for the protection of public health and safety.

24126. Every person who violates any provision of this article, or any rules or regulations issued thereunder, is guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months, or by fine and imprisonment as above.

of these filters.

The only solution is to initiate and have approved by the Legislature, license requirements and a constant checking set up. Obviously the Council of Diving Clubs is not able to police these operators, nor can the clubs check on the purity of the air. In order to have this legislation passed, we need the financial help of all skin divers interested in safe air. It does not matter whether you live in California or not, sooner or later this same problem will be faced by divers in all parts of the world. The standards set in California, and the results of the tests and research will be equally applicable to other areas. We know that when air is consumed under pressure that the effect of impurities is tremendously accelerated, and some of these effects are cumulative. At state hearings on this problem, all interested parties will be invited to present their facts and state their opinions. From these hearings we expect to get a working law which can be duplicated anywhere.

This is only the first step in a complicated problem. We also have companies and backyard mechanics who are engaged in repairing lungs. Most of these individuals are undoubtedly competent, but others are definitely not qualified to do this work. The Council feels that an investigation should be made to determine if tests for experience and knowledge should be given before a man is permitted to repair lungs. Such an investigation would cost quite a lot of money, and the Council needs the help of all the skin divers everywhere to undertake these jobs.

Skin Diving is already big business, and filling and repairing lungs is a part of this business. Controls are needed, and we believe the sport divers are the ones to propose what they want and need. The California Council of Diving Clubs is willing to do the job, but the clubs and individual divers will have to dig into their pocketbooks for the necessary funds.

Any legislation is expensive to put through. Assemblymen and Senators are politicians who know little of our problems, and will care nothing about them unless we bring it to their attention. These men must vote on thousands of bills ranging from frog spearing to atomic power, and have little time to spend on skin diving problems. To get their attention we must send qualified men to Sacramento to speak for us at these hearings. These men can spend their time, but we cannot ask them to also pay all of their travel and living expenses when away from home.

If you want to help, send your information, suggestions or dollars to: Legislative Fund, California Council of Diving Clubs, 352 Smith Street, Long Beach, California.

The Ocean Sunfish

By DAVID H. BROWN, Aquarist

How many of us are aware of the existence of a sea fish formed like a disc and apparently tailless, which propels its odd shape through the ocean with ponderous strokes of its dorsal and anal fins, which attains colossal dimensions and feeds on jellyfish and small surface animals?

This harmless, interesting creature is known to science as "Mola," a quaint name which means in Latin "Millstone," and refers to the general shape of the beast.

Some of us have been fortunate enough to see Mola in the ocean here off Southern California, where, at certain times during the year it occurs quite frequently. In fact, the Sunfish, or Headfish, as it is sometimes called, occurs throughout the world in tropical and temperate seas. It is known to attain a tremendous size, from 8 to 10 feet long and weights of more than a ton.

The body of this fish is well protected

by a layer of hard, gristly material under the skin. This "armour" undoubtedly accounts to a great extent to the invulnerability of these odd fish. Certainly they do not rely on speed or intelligence to evade their enemies. The Sunfish swims slowly, quite often with its dorsal fin protruding well above the surface of the water like that of a shark.

Locomotion is achieved by waving the dorsal and anal fins, which are opposite each other, in the same direction, and twisting them slightly at the same time. The stumpy, almost non-existent tail acts as a rudder.

Mola's intelligence is limited, even for a fish, and they may be captured quite easily when basking or swimming near the surface.

The flesh of the Sunfish is generally thought of as being unpalatable, fortunately, so commercially they are unimportant.

Little is known regarding the breeding

habits of these fish; they appear, however, to be very prolific. Upon examination of the ovary of an adult female, it was found to contain 300,000,000 small unripe eggs. Like most surface-living ocean fishes, the eggs of the Mola are fertilized in the open sea, and are probably possessed of oil globules that keep them floating on the ocean surface. According to the late G. R. Norman, the eggs, when ripe, are believed to be about 1/20 inches in diameter, and the newly hatched young are extraordinarily minute when compared with the colossal bulk of their parents.

After birth, the baby Mola is provided with the caudal fin or tail, like any other young "bony" fish; however, it soon loses this, and goes through a remarkable series of changes, and eventually acquires the grotesque shape of its parents.

During the last few years I have, on several occasions, endeavored to keep these remarkable fish alive in ordinary aquarium tanks without success. The Sunfish appears to be very reluctant to adapt itself to life in captivity, and insisted on knocking itself against the tank walls. Furthermore, it was adamant in its refusal to accept food.

I am, however, happy to say that the great tanks here at Marineland of the Pacific appear to satisfy several species of fish that have not been successfully held in captivity before. The Sunfish has joined the ranks of these animals, and may now be seen living in the circular tank at the Oceanarium.

These three young fish caught on the surface by our collectors were first introduced into the Oval Tank, which contains our main fish display, and were soon persuaded to accept pieces of shrimp by members of our diving staff.

It was interesting to note at this time how the yellowtail persisted in rubbing themselves on the Sunfish, a practice in which almost all fish indulge. Usually they rub themselves on the rocks and sand of either tank or ocean floor. They appear to do this in order to free themselves of parasites or foreign material adhering to their bodies. In nature, many surface-living fishes like the yellowtail and the tunas very rarely, if ever, see the ocean floor, and make use of large, innocuous surface-living animals like the Mola for this purpose.

The attentions of the yellowtail school appeared not to worry the Mola to any great extent, but unfortunately the attention of the Opaleye perch was attracted to the ungainly new arrivals. The Opaleyes, being by nature a very hungry fish, discovered a new source of food in the slime and skin of the sunfish. It was soon evident that something had to be done.

(Continued on Page 30)



Marineland of the Pacific's diver hand feeding "Mola."

BECKETT REEF or BUST

By JO GILLEN

We had heard where the "biggest red abalone in the state" were to be found, and so in spite of the fact that adverse water conditions curtail skin diving almost completely, Homer Lockwood's enthusiasm carried us away, and on Friday evening my husband, Howard and myself accompanied him to Morro Bay.

On hearing of the fabulous size, weight and strength of these particular abs, I wondered how I, a mere girl, was supposed to wrest one of these monsters from it's rock and lug it to the surface, but I decided not to clutter their well ordered masculine minds with details, so I remained quiet.

Our headquarters was to be Morro Bay, and we arrived there around midnight. After exhausting ourselves dragging gear out of the car and rolling out the sleeping bags under a star-filled tree, we fell asleep immediately. A chill morning breeze woke us up at dawn and Homer's "let's get up," (from deep in his sleeping bag), got a cool reception. The breakfast he cooked later, however, was more enthusiastically received and we can thank him, in fact, for all the meals on the trip, which saved what might have been a severe weight loss for all hands if I had been cook.

From Morro Bay we followed the highway to San Simeon, the spectacular ocean scenery holding our interest all the way. The intense blue sea broke into great white breakers from which the wind blew plumes of spray, and cove after cove of jutting rocks offered rich promise of the abs we sought.

Beckett Reef seemed quite a ways out to us as we stood in the yard behind the Evans cottage and surveyed our proposed conquest. Mr. Evans must have

operated the gas station there for years because he could tell us of wrecks that had happened 40 years ago. He drew a grim picture of the dangers in the waters around the reef, intending, I think, to discourage us with stories of drownings in the undertow and strong currents. He implied that only maniacs would attempt to go out there. That description fitted us perfectly! In my enthusiasm to get down to the water, I tripped over a chicken pen.

The ocean did look extremely wild and rough at close range. Howard was the first to get down to the water as usual (because he always leaves his gear strewn all over and I have to tuck it away before I join him), so he was the first to decide that the surf was too rough there and that we would have to go further down the beach. Homer, always with the belief that he can do the impossible; (he usually does, too), strode directly in, with a purposeful look on his face.—When he picked himself up, we proceeded further along the beach!

Splashing along in the foam was just like hiking through a field of snow—without shoes.

Hesitating before the slashing waves, I watched as the boys dove in during a lull but missing it myself, I enjoyed a thorough clobbering. Homer noticed me cringing before the boomers and came to my rescue (?). Clamping a hold on my wrist that only surgery could remove, and dragging me bouncily behind him, we at last struggled to the other side of the breakers where Howard waited with the inner tubes. Thus we started the "great swim to Beckett Reef."

It took pretty close to an hour to get out to where the huge rollers broke and

even there the choppy water was very murky. Diving as deep as they could, Howard and Homer couldn't reach the bottom. Hardly a place to dive for abs! I knew that I couldn't even approach their depth so I stayed with the tubes to keep them from drifting, while the guys looked for a shallower spot. The current and wind were very strong. After searching futilely for a while, we were pretty tired and decided to turn back. Going back was even tougher, the waves carried us in fairly well but threatened to land us far down the coast from where we had entered the water, and in a much rougher spot. It took a lot of hard kicking in order to make the least headway and I must have looked pretty beat by then because Howard and Homer were taking turns asking how I felt.

We could barely see the Evan's, with a bevy of strangers, watching us from the beach, as we tossed so far out in the enormous choppy swells. It almost looked as though we were halfway to Catalina.

The cold began to penetrate to the marrow of our bones, and our fingers, when we tried to tie our face plates in the tubes, would scarcely move. Still far from shore the waves broke over us, scaring me with their awful size and strength. There was so much of them and so little of me!! We were completely fatigued when, at least, were wrung through the surf and flung on the rocky shore.

After weakly staggering back to our packs on rubbery legs, we had a warming drink, a chocolate bar and a change of clothes, which started the blood feeling it's way back into our tingling arms and legs. It had taken 2½ hours, from the time we entered the water 'til the time we got back to our gear!

In no time at all those idiots wanted to try another spot, so to show that I'm a good sport,—I let them! We went to a little rock cove where they got their limit of 8 to 9 inch abs, while I played "chicken on the beach," a new game for me but oh, so tempting at the time.

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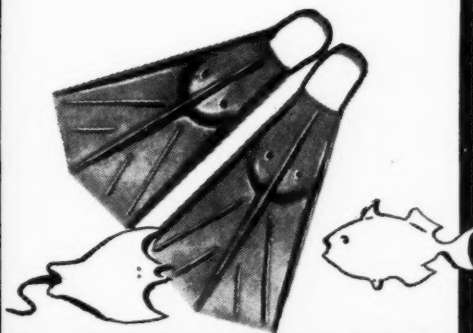
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BULLFROG WALKER

I MARRIED A FROG

BY EUGENIA J. WALKER

I married a frog, and you may have married one, too! But don't jump to conclusions!

If your husband kicks in his sleep, maybe he ate some green apples yesterday or forgot to file last year's income tax.

How is a frog different from any other husband? No difference in appearance, except he has water on the brain most of his life. He has a natural affinity towards fish and underwater hunting. And, at night, he dreams he's scratching the bottom of the ocean alongside the famous diver, Dumas, and awakens refreshed after flapping his "fins" around half the night.

You can detect the frog in him, if some evening you look up suddenly from your knitting to see a gasping husband, who otherwise looks quite well. Don't let this onset alarm you, however; he's practising breath control. After a few gasps and one gulp, he will sit back in complete repose.

A frog pretty much resembles the fel-

low who dove into the lake last summer, some 25 to 35 feet on his own power to delight a swimming party, by bringing up a little slippery fish or retrieving a cold can of beer from the bottoms. These are some of the early symptoms of the frog in him. But hear this—it can get worse!

Sooner or later, your magazine catch-all will become an aquatic library of endless pamphlets and books on underwater swimming. During his reading hours, you will learn how much he appreciates uninterrupted silence.

The chances are, you will check your weekly menu and resolve that tomorrow you will make pork chops and mashed potatoes and all of his other favorites, and hope that he will eat, instead of smiling weakly, and say he's not hungry again.

Womanly intuition will warn you he's sick. Your little frog is sick!

He's sick and tired of diving down into the depths with only a face mask and swim fins, and sick of exhausting himself trying to stay down longer on his own

lung power. At this point, he is ready to tell you that pork chops and mashed potatoes will not cure him; the best medicine that he can get is a Lung.

Before going to your druggist, hear him out; he knows more about his lung trouble than any pharmacist. From nosing through all of his books and pamphlets, he will have gathered all of the statistics in his defense, to try to convince you, that this Lung has been used successfully and safely for over eight years by the Navies, Universities and Wildlife services, besides the scores of thousands of commercial fishermen and yachtsmen. He will defend his point further in pointing out that his only hobby is underwater swimming, with no particular interest in game hunting, bowling or other sports.

Driven by amphibious power, your frog by now has sacrificed chewing gum, candy bars and even razor blades, to save for his Lung.

Somewhere in between the time he's ordered his own medicine, he will be taking you in his arms and tell you that you are still the first apple in his eye, but you might do a little wondering about that.

As a matter of fact, the day the oblong box arrives, you're going to be curious to see what your rival looks like, and this might be the first time you ever saw your frog kiss a box!

Carefully removing it, he will point to the cylinder or tank, which he will explain is filled with 70 cubic feet of compressed air, call your attention to the heart of the lung or regulator, and guarantee that he will breathe naturally.

You might ask him how he will know whether he has any air left in the tank, and he will point to the air reserve device.

It is highly recommended that all wives of frogs put on the mouthpiece and breathe some fresh air from the tank, which passes through two flexible hoses.

Good soldier, this is the moment he will call on you to help him, to harness the equipment to his back, help him with his mask, and put on his webbed feet; you might have to help him straighten up the first time, as the tank weighs about 50 pounds, but is buoyant in water.

Now look—in true colors—there stands the frog you married—the sick frog of a while ago, who has taken his first dose of medicine. The sure cure is his first dive into a lake or the ocean.

But, frog-wife, what about you? There are thousands of these men with aquatic brains. Somewhere along the road, however, a man designed something just for us, and that's the snorkel.

Put this light headpiece over your locks, float around above, and take a peek down there, through your goggles, to see if you can tell the world what draws all frogmen to depths beyond. ➤



FROM THE ALBUM
"Haiti Cherie," published by editions Henri
Dechamps, Port au
Prince, Haiti.

Beginner's Corner

Nearly everyone knows how to swim and has opened his eyes underwater. Your vision is blurred and is naturally hard on the eyes and nose. But—put on a mask and man's newest frontier unfolds before your eyes, whether it be lake, stream or ocean.

Underwater swimming is safe . . . even more so than swimming, for a diver equipped with a mask can see and avoid dangers underwater. common sense says: DON'T dive with a full stomach—DON'T dive beyond your endurance—DON'T take unnecessary chances—ALWAYS keep yourself in good condition—DON'T dissipate.

Take it easy, learn a little each time you go diving, rather than try and become an expert overnight. It takes practice like any other sport. Even the most skilled divers only average about 15 or 16 seconds per dive in water of sixty to seventy degrees F. Some divers are known to stay

underwater for a full minute, or more, but this is extraordinary.

Most divers will never face danger from submarine life. But always remember, many sea lions, sharks and eels have the potential of harming you. It is safer NOT to carry speared, bleeding fish on your person, especially in known shark infested waters.

*Fitting Your Mask
or Face Plate:*

The strap should be adjusted so there's a slight tension to prevent leaking. The soft rubber should mould itself to fit most faces except in some cases where a large wrinkle must be bridged. If a hard mask is being used it may be trimmed and sanded for a better fit. To prevent fogging of the mask, moisten the inside and outside with saliva or a fresh cut raw potato. For better diving comfort to the eyes and ears; blow into the mask as you make your dive, the deeper you go continue to exhaust, thru the nose. This should relieve any pinched or wedged feeling of the ear drums or eyes.

Next Month—info on correct use of the fins and the best accepted methods. ➤

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Complete
Diving
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Largest stock of underwater cameras in the world—topped off with the NEW FENJOHN "GOGGLER" a professional-amateur still camera with all controls and 40-2 1/4 x 2 1/4 pictures.

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UNDERWATER FLASH to fit all cameras and an easy-to-rlg, water-tight adaptor for any camera.

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ALL DAY CHARTER \$6.00 per person
—COMPRESSED AIR—SKI SCHOOL

COMPLETE RENTALS

**THE FLORIDA
SKIN DIVERS
MARATHON, Fla.**



LEFT TO RIGHT: Fernando Cabeza, Pres., Univ. of Miami Sea Devils; Welsh Pierce, Vice President, U of M Sea Devils; Dr. John Quinn, Pres., Neptune Club Inc. (Miami); Dick Morris, AAU and Red Cross Official; Miss Althea Heins, U of M Sea Devils; Geo. Duganne, Sec.-Treas. and Registration Chairman, Florida Assoc. AAU; Jack Houghteling, General Chairman, AAU Convention; Harold Aycock, Chairman, Florida Skin Divers, AAU; and Fred Rommel, U of M Sea Devils.

Underwater Spearfishing Accepted at National AAU Convention

By H. J. AYCOCK

This picture shows part of the display in the Roney Plaza Hotel during the National AAU Convention and most of those who were there for two days to pass out printed matter and furnish information to the AAU delegates.

Dr. Quinn acted as general chairman for the Skin Divers participation at the AAU convention. His personal acquaintance with people in the Miami area resulted in our obtaining hotel lobby space and desks at no cost. He and Jack Houghteling planned all our activities.

The printed matter was furnished by Ralph Davis and the Florida Skin Divers Association.

Jordan Klein furnished underwater cameras and enlarged photographs of underwater activities.

Paul Arnold furnished a considerable variety of skin diving and spearfishing equipment.

The Owen Churchill Perpetual Trophy, Cuda Cup and other items displayed created maximum attention in the lobby alongside the registration desks.

The underwater spearfishing demonstration in the hotel pool was part of the amateur portion of a show which was

organized by Pete Des Jardins, former Olympic diving champion, and his company of professionals. Ed Lane, who did the announcing, was most generous and voluble in introducing to the assembled delegates the background of underwater spearfishing and the demonstration of underwater spearfishing by Dr. Burton Brickman, Walter Lohmann and Walter Deitel who were pleased to assist.

The demonstration illustrated the use of the Hawaiian Sling, Arbalet and CO₂ guns. A two-foot long wooden "fish" was

drawn through the pool at such a fast pace that we did not think the boys would get a shot. It was quite impressive to all spectators, including the spearfishermen, to see the target pulled from the water with spears sticking through it, after each pass of the "fish."

The AAU delegates kept us all busy answering questions. Aside from those from California, Florida, Michigan and the New York area few had much information on the subject we were promoting.

Despite the complete background work by Larry Houston and Ralph Davis from California we had a close shave when the question of underwater spearfishing came up first in AAU Committee. Larry Houston was tied up at another meeting and there appeared no one to speak. Before the subject could be tabled Mr. Ben York of the Florida Association came to the rescue and sold the committee one hundred per cent. Again in General Session we were on pins and needles trying to locate the California delegation, who were the original sponsors. Fortunately, when underwater spearfishing came up there was a young army of supporters from states previously mentioned ready to furnish information or arguments.

Apparently, the months of background work and our two days in the hotel had acquainted all the delegates with underwater spearfishing because there were no objections offered to accepting our new sport.

This was an historic occasion and all who took part in selling underwater spearfishing to the AAU can feel justifiable pride in making an enduring contribution to the sports world.

Incidentally, don't get the idea the AAU delegates were running around playing during our moments of anxiety. We can take pride in being affiliated with the highest type of unselfish Americans. They had a terrific amount of work to do. Some of their committees started their work at six o'clock in the morning! ➤

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Tailored Foam Neoprene Suits \$59.50
Diving Equipment—Air Re-Fills
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Healthways presents for the first time in the Western Hemisphere the



"PINOCCHIO"

mask for skin divers and underwater sportsmen — the most important development in the history of the sport — originated and developed by

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GRESSI
GENOA, ITALY

Tested and approved by Gustav Dalla Valle, one of the world's foremost skin diving authorities. Used exclusively by Roghi Gianni and Jannuzzi Ruggero, 1954 European and Italian spear fishing champions.

Buy and wear a **PINOCCHIO** to discover these incomparable features:

- Exclusive design brings lens so close to eyes that upper part practically rests on brows... gives most perfect and undistorted perspective — wide-range vision — ever achieved!
- Inside air displacement is so small that depth of dive is increased by 25% or more with ease.
- Scientifically designed "Ventusa" inner vacuum lip insures air and water-tight seal never before possible.

- The amazing "Ventusa" makes it possible to force out any water seepage by a single forceful exhalation from the nose. Tests have been made at all depths by Healthways' Research Team, during which Healthways' Divair Underwater Breathing Apparatus was worn. The PINOCCHIO mask was removed from the face at various depths, and then replaced. Each member of the group then pressed the PINOCCHIO against the face, blew forcefully through the nose and expelled every drop of water instantly!

- The famous soft PINOCCHIO nose makes this the only mask ever made with which it is possible to grasp the nose between the fingers and exhale to relieve underwater pressure on the ears.

- The PINOCCHIO has a custom-made $\frac{3}{16}$ " finest tempered glass safety lens for maximum protection.

- It's the "easiest-to-wear" mask ever developed for use with an underwater breathing apparatus!

Fulfills every skin diver's dream of being able to swim without a mask... Wearing the PINOCCHIO is the closest man will ever come to this dream of perfection! Order a PINOCCHIO now and discover for yourself this new and sensational experience... It's the Cressi PINOCCHIO by Healthways... the mask you won't even know you're wearing!

The scientific genius of Cressi and Healthways' manufacturing know-how bring this ultimate development in masks, to you at only **\$5.95!**

Introducing the **GRESSI "DELFINO"** by *Healthways*

The professional design snorkel that has been used all over the world by the most famous skin divers and underwater sportsmen! Now manufactured in the United States by Healthways in mass production and comes to you for only **\$1.95** the biggest value in the field!

The Delfino can be worn anywhere a skin diver can go — under rocks, reefs, in caverns, through kelp and seaweed! There's no danger of snagging anywhere — It's the flexible upper section of pure natural gum rubber that does it!

Has the famous Cressi flexible mouthpiece — now made of the new, recently developed soft vinyl... impervious to deterioration... lasts indefinitely — Can be adjusted to any position with perfect comfort!

See the new exclusive Cressi snorkel holder ring for the first time — makes the Delfino easy to attach to mask strap.

Best of all... with the Cressi Delfino you get the maximum volume of air required because of the large $\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter tube that insures your greatest efficiency! An ample air supply helps you conserve energy because you get oxygen quickest with a Cressi Delfino by Healthways!

Both the Cressi Pinocchio and the Delfino will be available approximately January 1st at your favorite dealer, or write Healthways for full information.

Dealer and jobber inquiries solicited.



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SKIN DIVER — MARCH — 15

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Full Suit \$75
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MID-WEST CONVENTION

A new AQUATIC SECTION has been scheduled for the first time in the Mid-west convention of the AAHPER meeting on Thursday, March 31st at 3:00 p.m. at Columbus, Ohio, with the following program:

SOME PROBLEMS RELATED TO SCUBA (with movies) . . . Loyal G. Goff, Consultant to Panel on Underwater Swimmers, National Research Council, Washington, D. C.

A SURVEY OF SPLIT TIME PERCENTAGES IN TOP PERFORMANCES, W. W. Heusner, assistant swimming coach, Univ. of Ill.

CNCA REPORT OF THE WORK CONFERENCE HELD AT YALE UNIVERSITY, T. K. Cureton, Chairman National YMCA Aquatic Committee.

SUMMARIZER, Miss Helen Westerberg, professor, George Williams College. Chairman, R. H. Pohndorf, Univ. of Illinois.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA CHAMPIONSHIPS

At the '54 contest we all but got our brains beat out with an ol' flipper for not letting some of the other clubs give us a hand in organizing the get together, so here's an open invitation to any and all clubs in the central California area to dive in and join the Barbs in making the '55 CEN-CAL Championships a big success.

Elect a contest chairman and an assistant. Send us your mailing address and we'll notify you as to the when and where the organizing meetings will take place. You guys from Fresno, Sacramento, and all other foreign places plan to stay overnight. We'll supply the eats and a roof over your head, although you may have to drag along a sleeping bag or two.

Everyone seemed to think the last contest was quite a success, but we're certain that by pooling the brains, resources, and finances of all our clubs the next one should be a dilly!

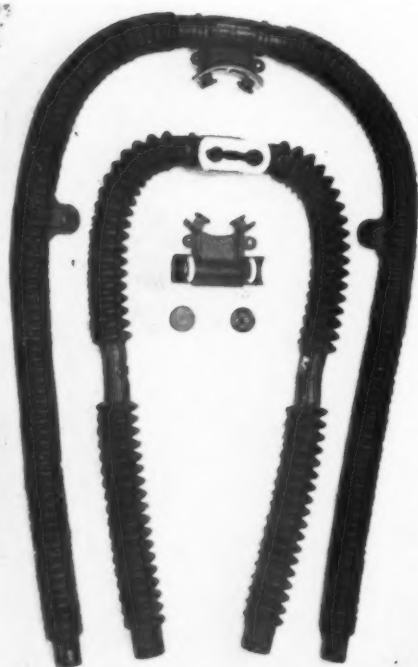
P.S. We need a "COMPLETE" roster of Cen. Cal. clubs for the contest. So please at least send your club's mailing address.

The Barbs (San Jose)
Contest Committee
c/o Gene Dyer (Contest Chairman)
16290 Roseleaf Lane
Los Gatos, California

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NEW!**

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SAFE!**

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MOUTHPIECE

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San Diego Council

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The first meeting of the San Diego Council of Diving Clubs was held at Scripps Lecture Hall at 8:00 p.m., Jan.

Tentative aims and goals of the organization were discussed and the following were accepted until such time as a more permanent charter could be evolved: 25, 1955.

The council, in conjunction with the A.A.U., will arrange, govern and operate all inter-club meets, with particular view to obtaining the cooperation and sponsorship of all interested organizations (Chamber of Commerce, Junior Chamber, S. D. Tourist Bureau, Town Council, Etc.), and will endeavor to insure safe and sportsmanlike competition, with good public relations.

The council will suggest to member clubs methods of self-policing, where infractions of game laws and/or actions detrimental to public relations are concerned, with the power to expel, by a 2/3 vote, any club clearly and constantly in violation of such reasonable rules as the council may decree.

The council will give aid and assistance to any group wishing to form new clubs in the area, providing wherever possible, sample charters and any other information necessary.

Whereas it is not primarily the intention of the council to initiate any new legislation, it is the desire of the council to be on the alert for and cognizant of any adverse legislation under contemplation, and to exert full support toward the minimizing of same; and to cooperate with other interested organizations in such matters as beach access programs and all other activities beneficial to the sport.

The council will endeavor, on a voluntary basis, to set up a conservation program, restricting, where necessary, the taking of certain species of marine life, and will, from time to time, institute research in matters relative to such conservation, as well as assisting the Dept. of Fish and Game and any others in similar programs, wherever possible.

Since it is obvious that no organization can operate without a fund to cover incidental expenses, phone calls, postage,

Weather Report from Miami, Florida

CHARLIE ANDREWS SAYS:

Highest temp. for the week 78° F.
Lowest temp. for the week 65° F.
Highest water temp. for the week . . 71° F.
Lowest water temp. for the week . . 69° F.
Winds 10 to 15 M.P.H., S.E.
Water Very Clear

Weather Report From Los Angeles, Calif.

CAPT. CRUM SAYS:

Highest temp. for the week 63
Lowest temp for the week 48
Highest water temp. 52
Lowest water temp. 56
Winds . . . 5 to 7 M.P.H. E.-A.M.-S.W.-P.M.
Water Clear

letterheads, meets, etc., the attending club delegates agreed to assess each club treasury in the amount of \$.50 per member, such monies to be placed in the hands of the council treasurer and disbursed for the above purposes.

In order to insure fair representation in the council, it was agreed that clubs would be allotted one vote in council matters for each ten members, or part thereof, with each club to provide two delegates to each council meeting and said delegates empowered to act for their clubs.

All council meetings, where practical, are to be open to the public.

The following were elected as temporary officers: President, Tom Simpson, HU 8-5923; Vice-Pres., Jim Stewart, GA 4-6195; Secretary, Michael Carnohan, BR 3-0929; Treas., Nick Mann, HU 3-5062; Director Pub. Relations, Wally Glynn, BE 4-7068; Safety Director, Delmar Michaels, GA 2-1994; Research Director, Connie Limbaugh, SK 5-1835.

Meeting was attended by delegates from the following clubs: Sea Spooks, Delta Divers, Bottom Scatchers, La Jolla Skinsters, Sea Dogs.

The next meeting to be held at Scripps, Tuesday, Feb. 15, 1955.

Michael Carnohan, Secretary

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Autobiography of a Skin Diver

(By request of the SKIN DIVER Magazine)

By GERD VON DINCKLAGE-SCHULENBURG

It was ten years ago, barely a year after learning to swim that I speared my first fish. That was on the Welawatte Reef off Colombo in Ceylon. A few days earlier, Ian Misso, my best friend, had speared, under water, the first fish to be taken in such a manner by a Ceylon-born person. Some Samoans on a visit to Ceylon a few years previously, being perhaps the first people to spear fish underwater in Ceylon.

For some time we, members of the Kinross Swimming and Life-saving Club, had been using underwater goggles for puttering about on the reef to collect shells and coral. Then the first crayfish were caught—by hand. But it was not until we saw an article on shark-fishing in California that we made any serious attempt to spear fishes underwater. Ian Misso, who incidentally was the first man in Ceylon to turn out a workman-like, home-made monogoggle, led the way followed by veteran skin-diver "Atu" Atukorale, Lin Stork, Hugh Stewart, Percy Gunewardene and myself.

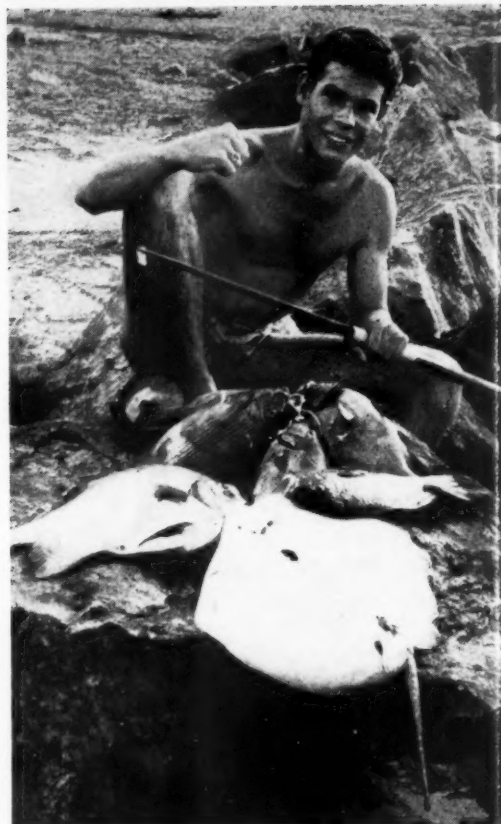
The first fishes were "bada oravas" of the family Siganidae, small spiny fishes up to five pounds in weight. Then there were the famous "boralus" (Plectorhynchidae) commonly up to twelve pounds in weight, with a species we encountered later, the "giant boralu," attaining fifty pounds. Progressively more and more different species were impaled on our spears: blue angels, parrot fishes, discus fish, halfish, mullets, snappers, groupers, caranx, pompanos, queenfish, surgeons, morays, rays and finally, sharks.

Ian and I speared and beached the first shark to be taken underwater in Ceylon, a five foot "white-fin." I was sixteen years old at the time.

For a long while our sole spearfishing equipment consisted of home-made face masks and handspears. With this minimum of equipment I have taken most species of fish encountered in Ceylon. The luxury of swimfins was afforded us at last, only at the end of the war, when "Frogmen" surplus stores were sold to the public. Experiments with home-made rubber guns were not encouraging and one that I imported from Australia was a ridiculous contraption, not worth a tenth of what it cost me.

Towards the end of 1949, I imported the first Italian spring-gun into Ceylon—the "Squalo" by Cressi. I found this gun so effective, that I turned professional and caught and sold many pounds of fish almost daily.

I have since used and tested many different spring and rubber guns, but for ease of handling, power and dependability, have not found one that can compete with a "Squalo" or "Cernia." Both of these guns are compression-spring type with pistol-grip midway along the barrel. I have yet to use a CO2 gun, and look forward wistfully to such a day. I do not agree that powerful guns are unsporting, and I have never been out underwater without feeling the need for a gun at least twice as powerful as the best I have used, in spite of the fact that I have even caught some fishes with my bare



TOP—Early handspearing days in Ceylon.
BOTTOM—Salvage diving off Singapore.

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hands. Naturally, a powerful gun should be used subject to a sense of selection and conservation.

Apart from guns, my choice of equipment has been determined by the particular conditions I have encountered where ever I have spear-fished. I never use a snorkel, and find one more a hinderance than an aid. The same applied to lead belts. Up to the time I left Ceylon, no one else used these items either, in that country. In most places suitable for spear-fishing in Ceylon, there is invariably strong surf to be dealt with, or the water is too murky to enable one to see down from the surface, and in such circumstances a snorkel is a hinderance and of no advantage. As far as lead belts are concerned, most of my fishing has been done in comparatively deep water, and as I hang up to one hundred and fifty pounds or more of fish on my waist, my need has always been for as much reduction of weight as possible.

So my basic equipment consists of a good spring-gun, fins, a comfortable mask. (I like the old Sea-Dive round mask best), and a cord to string the fish upon. Though I have recently acquired an aqualung, I have never used one for spear-fishing, however, I feel one would be an advantage in dealing with powerful fishes in deep water.

In Ceylon my best hauls of fish were made at a rocky reef about forty-five miles south of Colombo and about three miles out at sea. This spot was particularly abundant in pompanos and caranx, a typical catch made in February, 1952, consisting of one grouper, eighty pounds; one shark, twenty-five pounds; seven pompanos, seventy pounds; two caranx, fifteen pounds, and two boralus and two surgeons, eighteen pounds, a total of two hundred and eight pounds of fish caught in three hours of fishing.

In Malaya, where I am at present, the best place I have found for spear-fishing is around a number of islands forty miles out at sea from Mersing, on the East Coast. These waters are stiff with sharks and barracudas and not a few caranx.

The largest fish I have taken was a one hundred and forty-five pound nurse shark, measuring about eight feet. I hit him first with a handspear which was broken at once, then trapping him in a cave, I used the brass leader on my fish cord to gouge his eyes and gills. Two hours or more later, long after the sun had set I rode him ashore. I have also speared another of these sharks of about the same size. Eighty pound Groupers and an eagle ray, forty-five pound mantas and a caranx (Ulua) are some of the other large fishes I have caught.

My "large" fish are small stuff beside some of the catches I have read about in the "Skin Diver" and elsewhere, but I wonder if these "big" catches were

really great achievements? It does not demand a great deal of skill or prowess to kill a big fish with a chance shot. A fish taken with the aid of a float or boat, is even less creditable. If the fish is shot in an average depth, with no possibility of the hunter being pulled under, the result is a foregone conclusion, even though there may be some sort of a fight in this instance.

Hunting with a free spear has been out of the question in practically every place I have fished; either on account of the depth or poor visibility. Because of the extensive professional spear-fishing I have done mostly over rocky and coral bottoms, I have found steel rope preferable and more reliable than nylon; consequently, if I were to meet an exceptionally large fish in water deeper than my length of cable, I would have to be one hundred per cent certain of killing the fish or I would assuredly lose harpoon and gun. As a professional, making a daily living with my gun, this was a risk I could not afford to take.

Similarly, it was impractical to go out with a float, or some such equipment specialized for big stuff, on the off chance I would encounter a suitable fish, when it was so much less trouble and more profitable to take a number of average fishes instead.

Encountering colossal fishes in shallow water with a nice smooth floor is something I have only dreamt about. If a man can shoot a fifty pound caranx (Ulua) in 50 ft. of water and fight him with twenty-eight feet of cable or less, or shoot a fifty pound manta at a depth of forty feet and bring him to the surface, or catch a pompano with a handspear, he is what I call a spear-fisherman.

A man who can do these things, and more, is Rodney Jonklaas of Ceylon. Rodney, at first a mediocre swimmer was a late-comer to spear-fishing in Ceylon, but through a fanatical love of the sport, he developed into a first class spearman and skindiver, out-stripping those who had begun before him. We have fished together often, and though I am by habit a lone hunter, I would rather have his company in the sea than that of anyone else I know.

In ten years of skin-diving, professional spear-fishing and dress-diving, I have encountered innumerable sharks of various species, and one thing I have learned about them is, never take them for granted. They are one of the sea's greatest dangers, because they are more a potential rather than an actual danger to a diver, which leads to a disregard for them that can be fatal. I have been dismissed contemptuously by such famed killers as the blue shark, only to have an insignificant white fin make an all out attack on me for the sake of my catch. All I can say about sharks is, watch them

always, and never let them get the initiative in an attack if you can help it.

Sharks have featured prominently in some of the worst moments I have experienced in the sea. One of the stickiest situations I have been in, was when I was surrounded and attacked by three twelve foot pelagic white-fin sharks while a six foot black-fin cruised about in the background. That was bad enough, but just to make things a little more cozy, a powerful current endeavored to sweep me out into the abysmal depths of the shipping channel leading into Trincomlee Harbor, where the largest and most dangerous oceanic sharks abound. I abandoned all hope of surviving, but nevertheless, kept stubbornly "shooting" the sharks off and fighting against the current, and by some miracle, I made it back.

Recently while taking underwater photographs off Mersing in Malaya, I shot a caranx, and tied him to the coral so as to obtain a picture of a shark taking him. I waited with an aqua-lung on. Two ten-foot grey sharks kept the date, one took the fish, and the other same for me, a wooden pole I had with me disuading him just in time.

For ten years I have speared fish professionally, and dress-dived on quay construction and salvage work, now I am engaged in writing a book about those hours spent in another world I understand so much better than the one I was designed for. ☛

THE HYDROPHONE

A SHIP OF COLUMBUS SOUGHT. Manufacturer and ardent diver and undersea archeologist Edwin T. Link of the famed Link Trainer Corporation which make flight simulators for the air services, announced in January that after much research into the written records on the matter he will take his elaborately equipped undersea research vessel, the Sea Diver, into waters off Haiti where he believes lies one of the ships used by Columbus. There is so much to be said about the accomplishments of Mr. Link and the fascinating details of all the apparatus he has aboard his Sea Diver, that perhaps soon I shall devote an entire Hydrophone column to it. The whole story should amaze you. Watch for it! Just announced is that this fabulously equipped vessel is also available for charter, between trips.



"No, thanks, never use them!"



TROPHY WINNING
La Jolla Skinsters.

Southwest Pacific Meet

By JIM MERTEN

Sunday, January 9, the La Jolla Skinsters captured the top spot in the first of a series of county-wide, semi-annual meets. Scrapping it out with six other area clubs, the Skinsters took home the trophy with a total club catch of 28 pounds, 1 ounce. In number two spot were the Kelp Kings with 20 pounds, 2 ounces, and the Bottom Scratchers third with 15 pounds, 8 ounces.

The trophy award competition was limited to edible fish of three pounds and over (excluding Sharks, rays and eels), but a total of 27 merchandise prizes were awarded for individual performance in all classes, including sharks, lobsters, rays and eels. The top individual prize went to Connie Limbaugh of the Bottom Scratchers for an 11 pound cabazone, while the Kelp Kings' Rich Richardson sailed to top honors for rays on the wings of a 92-pounder. The feminine star of the show was Glenda McLean (Sea Dogs) who hit the Women's Division jackpot with a 5½-lb. halibut.

The smooth, well-ordered conduct of the meet was a tribute in itself to all of the participating clubs, each of which handled a particular phase of the arrangements. Teams not previously mentioned are the Spearmen (representing the Navy UDT contingent of Coronado), the Delta Divers, the Sea Dogs and the Chula Vista Sea Spooks.

All clubs were so pleased with the results of the co-op effort that a permanent association is now being formed within the framework of the Southwest Pacific Border Assn. of the AAU.

20—MARCH—SKIN DIVER

Largest Edible Fish—Conrad Limbaugh (11 pound Cabazone), Hal Throneson (10 pound, 10 ounce Sheepshead), Sergio Minetto (6-3 Cabazone), Bob Cary (5-6 Bass).

Largest Shark—Paul Mohr (11½ pound).

Largest Ray—Rich Richardson (92 pounds), R. W. Hutson (56 pounds), Bob Stipp (28½ pounds).

Largest Abalone—Bob Luhnnow (3 pounds, 6 ounces), Tom Simpson (3 pounds, 3 ounces).

Largest Lobster—Frank Leinhaupel (4¾ pounds), Dan Stevens (4 pounds).

Largest Eel—Jack James (3 pounds).

Largest Bass—Paul McNally (5 pounds, 6 ounces), Jim Stewart (4 pounds, 8 ounces).

Largest Cabazone—Jim Swarts (5 pounds), David Chambers.

Largest Sheepshead—Bill Gove (3½ pounds), Bob Johnson (2 pounds, 10 ounces).

Largest Octopus—Charles Niclin (3 pounds, 15 ounces), Jim Riley (2 pounds, 12 ounces).

Largest Sculpin—Beau Smith (2 pounds, 14 ounces), James Woolf (2 pounds, 4 ounces).

Women's Division—Glenda McLean (5½ pound halibut), Harriet Benson.

Team Score—La Jolla Skinsters, 28 pounds, 1 ounce; Kelp Kings, 20 pounds, 8 ounces; Bottom Scratchers, 15 pounds, 8 ounces; Spearmen, 10 pounds, 11 ounces; Convair Delta Divers, 9 pounds, 4 ounces; Chula Vista Spooks, 8 pounds, 8 ounces; Sea Dogs, 3 pounds, 12 ounces.

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In and Around San Diego

By JIM MERTEN

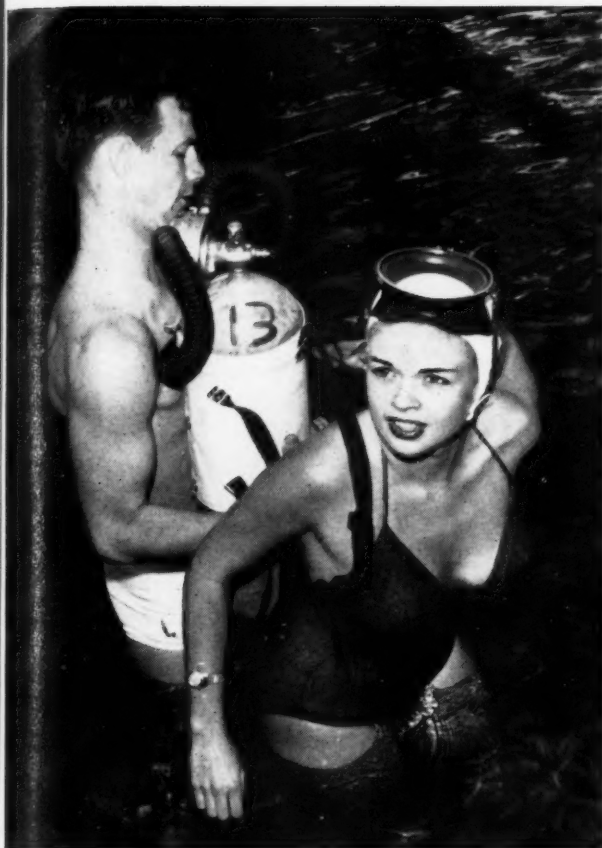
The only La Jolla Skinster comment on the A.A.U. sanctioned skin dive January 9 was, "It looks like the best club won." Other comments overheard at the San Diego County Underwater Spearfishing Meet at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club were Col. Throneson, of the Kelp Kings, apologizing for the pair of 10 pound Sheepshead he brought in with, "All the big ones were too scary"—Connie Limbaugh, of the Bottom Scratchers, showing off his new skin diver watch and exclaiming, "It's just what I've always wanted"—Rich Richards, of the Kelp Kings, saying, "I didn't see any big rays around so just brought in this 92-pound Manta."

Top recognition should go to Paul McNally, of the U.D.T. Spearman, for his nice 5 pound 6 ounce Bass, to Tom Simpson, of the Delta Divers, for his prize-winning abalone, to Jack James for his three foot Moray Eel, and to Glenda McLean and Harriet Benson who placed first and second in the Women's Division by bringing in plenty of choice seafood.

Much applause goes to the following for making our dive a success: Andy Rechnitzer, Scripps' ichthyologist, for settling all disputes over fish identification; Ralph Davis, announcer of the day, for entertaining the crowd so superbly; the three gray whales who worked among the divers through the entire contest and the sea lion who tried to take Sergio Mainetto's catch from him; Jim Auxier of the Skin Diver Magazine for being head photographer; Channel 8 photographers for giving such nice coverage on TV Monday night; the San Diego Tribune for front page billing; Mayor John Butler, one of our most ardent skindivers for awarding the spectacular three foot A.A.U. trophy to the winning team; the Convair Recreation Association for printing the official program; Mr. Vlinn and Mr. Anderson, A.A.U. officials, for their friendly cooperation and indispensable assistance in getting the San Diego life guard patrol boats on the scene; the 5,000 people who proved to be such interested spectators; and the 63 divers who showed the real meaning of true sportsmanship—and them's the best kind!

Skin divers in the San Diego County area may call Jim Merten, HUDSON 6876 to give local news for this new column. Yours truly is also official area representative for the Skin Diver Magazine.

SKIN DIVER—MARCH—21



RICOU BROWNING, Gill-Man in the picture "Creature from the Black Lagoon" assists Jayne Mansfield with her breathing apparatus. Photo courtesy Florida's Silver Springs.

Premier of "UNDERWATER"



LAMAR BOREN, cameraman for the picture "Underwater," assisting screen star Jane Russell into Florida's Silver Springs for the premier of "Underwater." Photo courtesy Florida's Silver Springs.



LEFT TO RIGHT, Al Herman, Langley Smith, Emil Rheinhardt and Bob Keagle. In water, Fred Mase and Al Tiam. They wore two pair of wool socks, two pair wool full union suits, wool helmet and wool gloves covered by surgeon-thin rubber gloves and sealed at the cuff against water leakage with a snap tubing cut from inner tube of motorcycle tire.

Man's Very Last Frontier— Under-Ice



UNDER ICE FLASH PHOTO of Al Tiam, Excelsior, Minn., at depth of 35 feet, using DivAir and wearing gum rubber gloves.

California . . .

KING NEPTUNE'S KNIGHTS

By FRANK HALL

I picked up the telephone. "Frank Hall speaking."

"Frank, this is Jim Archer."

"Yeah, Jim, what do ya know? Don't tell me it's dues paying time again?"

"No, Frank, you're paid up till April. Something else on my mind, this time. We've got a 54' boat chartered for a trip to Catalina this week-end. Want to go?"

Silly question! Did I want to go! Who wouldn't?

That's the way our KNK club outings get started, and there always seems to be something going on. Do you live in the Los Angeles area? Want to join us? First, you have to be an employee of North American Aviation, Inc. Second, you have to attend meetings, usually the last Friday night of each month at the NAA Recreation Hall. Third, you have to pay dues, all of 25c per month. Sold? Then you'd better hurry because membership is going to be limited soon.

Oh, the trip to Catalina? Did we have fun? Well . . . you see, I didn't get to go. My wife had a date with a stork. But those who went came back with tales I wouldn't believe if they didn't have pictures to prove them. Here is Jim Archer, our President, and over there is Ray Kendall, our Secretary-Treasurer. They were there.

"Say, Jim, how was the trip to Catalina?"

"Great!"

"Oh. Thanks, Jim. Ray, did you guys get anything?"

"Yep!"

Now you know as much about the trip as I do. The next outing is in February. No definite date set, yet. But, believe me, if for curiosity's sake alone, I'll be there. Will you?

THE HYDROPHONE

HOW STRONG IS A GROUPEUR? In an interview before the press recently, Mr. Christopher Coates, Chief Aquarist of the new \$10-million Coney Island Aquarium revealed the many problems of acquiring and keeping the various finny citizens under his care. He said that if you don't know how to get a canvas stretcher under a 500-pound grouper while you're in a tank with him, the damage can be mutual. Then adding this eye-opener: "A grouper's tail will bend a three-inch pipe if used in anger." If some species are not hand-fed in a fortnight they will die. Some are so temperature-sensitive that a difference of only 4 degrees will kill them. Octopi and others easily get motion-sick when transported. Some get so panicky when first introduced to tank captivity that they will ram their heads against the glass sides of a tank repeatedly. Others, on the contrary, don't mind a thing like the African lung fish which lives in mud and "hasn't been fed in five years," though still alive. The Aquarium will formally open in 1956.

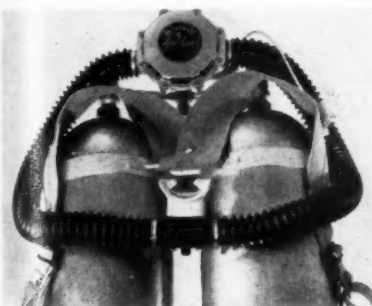
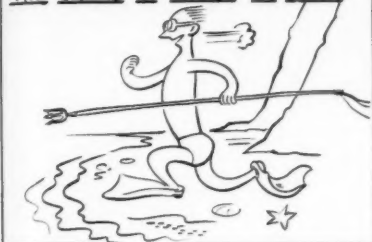
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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



New Northhill "Air Lung," developed by the Garrett Corporation's subsidiary, the Northhill Co. Safety feature: when the diver's air supply drops to approximately 300 psi, air shuts off completely as positive warning signal. Diver then activates reserve air valve to release remaining air. The Northhill "Air Lung" requires little or no maintenance and no calibration is necessary. Can be taken apart or put together with a screwdriver. Developed as a result of Garrett Corp.'s experience with pressurization of aircraft. Manufactured by the Northhill Co., 9851 Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

A A U MEETING

To: Members and Delegates of the Southern Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.

From: Larry Houston, Secretary-Treasurer.

Subject: February Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Southern Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.

The March meeting of the Board of Managers of the Southern Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union will be held:

Date: Monday, March 7, 1955.

Time: 6:30 p.m.—Dinner \$1.75.

Place: Cafeteria — Los Angeles City Board of Education, 450 North Grand Avenue (entrance on Grand Avenue between Sunset and Temple Street).

Divers' Bulletin Board

RATES: Personal — \$1.00 minimum or 4c per word. Commercial—10c per word. Payment must accompany copy before deadline date, 10th of month.

"ANYONE FOR ADVENTURE"—Airplane pilot and author Max Jones will fly your skin diving party to La Paz, Acapulco or the Florida Keys. Finest equipment. Reasonable rates. For information write me at 1085 Peach Pl., Concord, Calif.

2 SURPLUS CORNELIUS COMPRESSORS. Each \$100. These high pressure three stage compressors are rebuilt and have a drive pulley mounted on the shaft, but have no power or oil air filtering system. R. T. Keagle, Rt. 2, Box 170, Hopkins, Minn.

16 M.M. BELL & HOWELL magazine load camera, leather case and underwater brass camera case. This pressurized case is good for 100 to 200 foot depth. Price is \$100. Send for photos. R. T. Keagle, Rt. 2, Box 170, Hopkins, Minn.

INTERESTED in surfriding and paddleboards? Buy PADDLEBOARD MANUAL—Send one dollar to Irene L. Pohl, Surf City, New Jersey.

THE FAMOUS Italian Super Tum CO₂ Guns. The guns which exploits the jet principles. Retail value \$97.50, sale price \$49.50. Send money orders or payment to "Spearguns" P. O. Box 1926, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. No C.O.D.

COMPLETE parts kit to rebuild your surplus Cornelius compressor into a usable pump for charging self contained air breathing equipment. Write for price list of kit or complete ready to use unit, using your compressor or mine.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA DIVERS—Minor and major suit repairs. Tailored dry suits—\$35.00. Instruction and patterns on all type dry suits—Front-back entry—2 piece—shorty—Two years experience with largest suit manufacturer.—Lee Newman, 1452 El Camino, Burlingame, Calif. DI 2-0919.

FOR SALE—2 105 cu. ft. air tanks, \$30 ea. Italian spring gun \$8, 22 hp. Johnson with short & long shafts ideal for Guaymas long boats \$140. ARIZ. 7-3866, 532 Kelton, L.A. 24.

SEE MY ad on page 554 in the new Miami phone directory & you will know why I must get your head underwater in order to get my head above . . . The Florida Frogman.

REGULATOR'S overhauled, cleaned & serviced within 48 hours, \$7.50 plus parts. The Florida Frogman.

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THE Florida Frogman, at the BIG Parrott Jungle sign in full color, 3 miles south of the U. of M. & 2 miles south of South Miami on U.S. 1 in Kendall, Florida.

HIGH PRESSURE CYLINDERS. Ideal for CO₂ gun, self-contained rig, pressurizing camera housing, etc. 8 cubic feet, 1980 PSI, ICC approved, complete with valve. Surplus, unused, sealed cartons. Limited amount, going fast at \$9.95, or \$18.50 pair, prepaid. Diving Unlimited, 12811 Sacramento, Blue Island, Ill.

BUILD your own inexpensive skin-diver's submarine. Diver rides outside. Uses car batteries for power. Ideal for exploring, photography and sport. Every club should make one. Complete simplified plans and instructions \$5.00. Monroe, Box 365, Bellflower, Calif.

RUBBER SUITS wanted and other rubber goods. Also those interested in rubber and capable of making things with rubber. Please write Steve S. Pardaks, P. O. Box 231, Newark 1, N. J.

SEAL SUIT, full length, large size neck entry. Has been used three times, \$25.00. H. S. Early, 2039 Miller Ave. Ann Arbor, Mich.

DO YOU HAVE AN AIR PROBLEM? Why pay exorbitant prices and put up with inconvenience dealing with Welding Gas Concerns who do not want your business. Make up your own high pressure air unit for filling diving cylinders to over 2000 P.S.I. Ingersol-Rand, 3-stage compressors complete with all controls and auxiliaries ready to use \$295.00 each F.O.B. Some bargains as low as \$150.00 each. Write for details. These compressors originally cost the Government nearly \$2000.00 each. Complete instructions and filter plans furnished that enable anyone to set up and use. Thomas J. Doolin, Box 181, Key West, Florida, or Box 211, Pryor, Oklahoma.

THE HYDROPHONE

NEW DIVING BOOKS. After enjoying a terrific success as a big, \$4.00 edition, Captain Cousteau's classic *The Silent World* is now available as a 35-cent pocket book, complete with color photos. Publisher: Pocket Books, Inc., New York City . . . Try also *North to Danger* by Virgil Burford. Price \$3.50. All about diving and other adventure in Alaska. Publisher: The John Day Company, New York City . . . *The Pearl Seekers* by Norman Bartlett may shock you when you read about pearl pirates and diver-slavers of days gone by from the Indian Ocean to the Coral Sea. Native divers captured to dive for cruel diving masters for no more than a few cupfuls of rice per day, plus many other never before told tales about far-off places. The author is very expert at his subject, bringing past into focus and comparing it with present pearl-shell diving conditions. Price: \$5.00. Publisher: Coward-McCann. This publisher also has: *Frogmen*, a book for juvenile readers, with illustrations. The latter is about our Navy's U.D.T.

DIVERS AID FORT RESTORATION. Aqua-Lung diver Pastor Carleton Dunn was identified in recent magazine publicity as an underwater archeologist who helps in a part-time effort to recover valuable articles that are helping restore Fort William Henry at Lake George, New York. Diving operations continued as late as November, 1954. It's part of an energetic restoration campaign headed by Mr. Harold G. Veeder. Much lung diving took place last summer on the project.

FOR THE KIDDIES. Three plastic frogmen are offered to little ones by the Kellogg people on a box of breakfast food for the well known box-top plus a coin. Each is a colorful statuette some 5 inches high. One is a "Torch Man" holding an underwater cutting torch. Another holds a "time-fuse bomb," while a third holds a drawn knife and is called an "Obstacles Scout." Each toy has a "hydraulic power booster" holding a propellant charge that drives it like an Aqua-Ped.

Annual Shark's Dinner

THE SHARK'S FOURTH ANNUAL LOBSTER AND ABALONE DINNER is to be held at the Hollywood Riviera Country Club, Redondo Beach, California—Sunday, March 27—Dinner will be served from 6 to 8 p.m., followed by an UNDERWATER COLOR TRAVELOGUE by Homer Lockwood. Dancing and fun for all. Price \$2.00 each. For TICKETS please contact: Kathy Conley, 310E Hyde Park Blvd., Inglewood, Calif. Phone OR 1-7363.

GOLDEN GATE AQUAKNIGHTS

By JIM POL

Well, those three mermaids, Murky, Windy, and Wavy haven't slowed us down any this winter. Though our jaws ache from gritting our teeth.

Our New Years party went over with a bang and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The most exciting thing since Ed Galindo found he didn't have a reserve at 110 feet. No one in our club had ever seen a shark while diving in Monterey Bay. A couple of weekends ago I was looking for an old "ab" bed that mysteriously disappeared, when I found a small bunch of kelp that seemed familiar. I dived and swam down one side of a group of stalks circling around them at 35 feet in search of a rock I expected to find on the opposite side. As I completed the turn, I saw under me 8-feet of pure shark! Since I haven't heard of anyone attacking a shark with an "ab" iron, I left quietly and gently in a swirl of foam. There are those who claim I was still swimming at 25-feet above the surface.

Those people wishing to correspond with us can do so by writing Harry Stone-lake, 738 Folkstone, San Mateo, Calif. ☞

New Jersey . . .

DIVING JETS

By ART NELSON

The Diving Jets have embarked upon a drive for new members, with some success. Our enrollment now stands at twenty-five with four applicants waiting to be considered for membership at the next meeting. Posters prepared by Ted Collen have aided those of us at the Kearfott Co., Inc. of Little Falls, N. J. to increase our membership.

Jay Bartels, Bill Chadwick, and John Miller have made several weekend trips to Montauk, Long Island trying the cold water. They report that the uncovered portion of the face can be protected by applying vaseline to the exposed area. They also report that gloves are a necessity.

The Diving Jets held a Christmas meeting-party at our home on December 15th. The Smorgasbord dinner prepared by Elinore is something not soon forgotten!

We joined forces with Phil Scola of the Aquadunkers and Mike Cocharo of the Atlantic Coast Marine Explorers, on December 29th, to present to the members and guests of the three clubs four reels of colored underwater movies. The films were made by the Alfa Photo Corp. of New York City and personally narrated by Mr. Cherney. ☞

POLY DIVERS

By STEW KIPP

This report will introduce the Poly Divers to other members of the skin diving fraternity. We call the Calif. State Polytechnic College (Cal Poly) our home. Here in San Luis Obispo, we have a long stretch of the Calif. coastline within easy striking distance. Morro Bay is probably the most familiar of our local fishing spots, and certainly it is the best. Since we have been diving Morro Bay several times a week for the last two years we might set ourselves up as experts on this particular skin diving area. We will be glad to answer any inquiries, about the fishing in this area. Please address all inquiries to Stew Kipp, 75 Vetville, San Luis Obispo.

Our club has been formally disorganized for about two years, but in the beginning we had so much to learn that we didn't even feel qualified to communicate with the rest of you. Now that we have progressed, we are flexing our muscles and even contemplating entering a team in the central Calif. meet next summer.

I referred to our club as disorganized, because we have no elected officers and no dues. Our group is open to anyone who is interested enough to dive in these cold waters all year round. ☞

Washington . . .

JUAN DE FUCA SEA LIONS

By RICHARD OWENS, JR.

We have the distinction of being the most northwesterly group of divers on the continent. Here in Port Angeles, Wash. on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, we are only sixty miles from Cape Flattery and at the gateway to some choice diving here on the straits and around the cape to the Pacific Ocean. Also, Lake Crescent in the Olympic National Park sports a 300 ft. verticle cliff that makes for spectacular diving with its clear blue water, despite the absence of marine life. This territory has never seen a spear gun in its waters and we're in the process of trying it all.

There are six of us at the present with complete outfits but we will double that by spring.

Large cod (to 50 lb.), octopus and black sea bass are abundant here in the straits and the rocky formation of the coastline with sheltered coves and bays make for wonderful diving and fishing. We're looking forward to entertaining many of our "down sound" cohorts this coming season who are looking for clear water and big fish.

Since we are just getting organized up here we would certainly appreciate any correspondence, especially from neighboring clubs. Address to the above at 932 W. 4th St., Port Angeles, Wash. ☞

La Jolla Skinsters Start New Trend

By JIM MERTEN

At the Feb. meeting a motion by Jim Merten was seconded and passed unanimously which resulted in the club joining the San Diego County Federated Sportsman Council. Reg Richardson and Dan Stevens were elected as delegates to the Federation. The advantages to Skin Diving Clubs was very convincingly explained by Pres. Eugene Conway and Vice Pres. George Parker of the S.D.C.S.F.C. Some of the benefits will be: good public relations, trading of pertinent information, economical, respected, strong representation at the State Legislature by the Calif. Wildlife Federation of which the Council is a member. Any Skin Diving Club in Calif. who is not at present a member of the Calif. Council of Skin Divers can join a Federation Council in their area. This action should prevent a Florida situation occurring in Calif. ☞

Washington . . .

PUGET SOUND MUDSHARKS

By JACK MEYERS

The January meeting of the Mudsharks witnessed the annual election of officers and the annual presentation of trophies. The Mudsharks' election of officers produced excellent results, putting some of the top spearfishermen in the club into elective office. The newly elected officers are, President, Gary Keffler; Vice President, Bill Williams; Secretary, Fran Skidmore; and Activities Chairman, Jack Meyers. The newly elected secretary, Fran Skidmore, alias Squidmore, is showing ability to be a great asset to the club not only as the secretary but as a spearfisherman as well. Squidmore brought many new lucrative ideas out of the deep which will be of benefit in the Mudshark meetings, safety programs and spearfishing meets.

Dave LeClerq of Puget Sound Divers presented two beautiful spearfishing trophies to Gary Keffler and Fran Skidmore. His honorary exalted leader, Gary Keffler, was awarded the trophy for the largest edible fish, a 45-lb. ling cod he bagged while skindiving. Fran Skidmore was awarded the trophy for the largest fish which is a 115-lb. skate. Both of these club trophy holders have seen fish since receiving their trophies that will easily exceed the weight of the fish that took the 1954 club trophies. These boys are out to cinch the 1955 club trophies, so they think. The rest of the Mudsharks will be in there slinging speargun shafts hoping to pick up a large fish that will qualify them for the next club trophy. ☞

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Chicago . . .

ILLINOIS MASK AND FIN CLUB

By GEO. SATNESS

Greetings again from the Illinois Mask & Fin Club, which has had the privilege of using the fine pool at Loyola University, thanks to the cooperation of the swimming coach, Mr. Donald Chalmers. At the last get together, the following divers worked out problems and practiced various procedures: Mike Whelan, Skip Spanczak, Harry Van Us, Jim Gardella, Geo. Satness, Jim Allen, Chuck Cooper, John Hirst, Wm. McMahon, Jim Gilbert, Marvin Lichte, Don Chalmers, Geo. Gilsdorf, Dr. Tworoger, Ben Mocini.

I am going to take this opportunity to make a correction, this time I will spell William McMahon's name right. (are we on speaking terms again?).

We welcome into the club the following new members: Dr. Tworoger, Ben Mocini, Marvin Lichte & Geo. Casner. Benny Mocini and I were charter members of the now defunct "Aqua-venturers Club." This summer he was called "The Saugatuck Kid."

Skip Spanczak has his own vest pocket

size testing tank, the bathtub. Testing out the insulating qualities of various things, he asked, "What's colder than cold tap water?"

Texas . . .

LONE STAR DOLPHINS

By BOB SPRINGER

With the advent of warm weather again all the talk is about going to the Coast. Let's just hope the water stays calm and clear for the majority of the season, and that the fishing is good.

Incidentally, don't forget to register your fish. By all means be sure your team gets credit because the competition is going to be pretty keen. The team of Huntly, Hamilton, McElvy and Springer hereby issue an open challenge to all concerned that we are shooting for that trophy.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! All associate and/or regular members who have been transferred from this area are requested to drop a card with their present address to "The Lone Star Dolphins," 3590 W. Woodlawn, San Antonio, Texas. This is in order to keep the record straight, and also to keep all members informed of all the club's activities.

EXHIBIT

The Los Angeles County Museum is planning an exhibit on the history of skin diving and would appreciate the loan of home-made equipment or any other material pertinent to the sport. Credit will be given in the exhibit and all material will be called for and delivered at the close of the show. Please contact me at the

Los Angeles County Museum
Mr. Russell Belous
Exposition Park
Los Angeles, Calif.

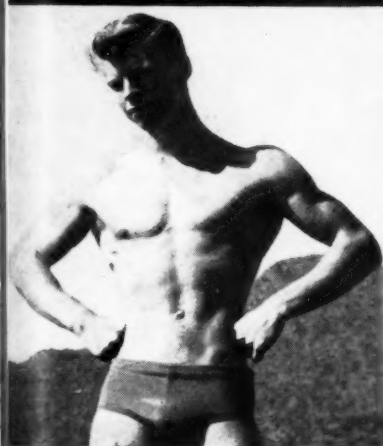
SAFETY CLASS

Due to the interest shown by the public, the Alhambra Y.M.C.A. started a ten week class on underwater safety and spearfishing. The class meets on Wednesdays between 5:30 and 6:00 p.m. The first group was successfully graduated on January 19.

The class is conducted for anyone interested and includes all phases of diving, both with and without the breathing units.

The "professors" are three members of the Alhambra Aqua-Knights who, like the Alhambra Y.M.C.A., are sincerely glad and gratefully recognize the fact that other Y.M.C.A.'s are concerned about the safety of the divers in their areas.

SKINDIVER SWIMWEAR FOR THE FROGMAN



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Texas . . .

HOUSTON FROGMEN

By ROBT. L. GOODMAN

Active diving on the Gulf Coast of Texas has virtually ceased since November. The few winter divers have reported much clearer water and good hunting, primarily redfish, around the jettys. Doubtless next winter will see much more activity.

The best news locally has been the successful conversion of several surplus Cornelius Compressors (32R200) to V-belt 110 Volt A. C. motor operation.

The Houston Frogmen are planning to inaugurate the summer season with a series of classes in safety and use of equipment. They are scheduled for the first week of March at the Rice Institute swimming pool, under the direction of Les Oldfield. We anticipate an enrollment of eighty and feel this will assist beginners in becoming acquainted with equipment and allow the more experienced a little practice before going back into the ocean.

Vancouver, B. C. . . .

VANCOUVER SKIN DIVERS

"Oysters, Octopus, and 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

By JIM WILLIS

With the coming of the new year the club has gotten off to a good start. Cam Portiuos once again has come up with the club's first octopus of the year. This time though Cam was using a snorkel instead of the lung like the first time. The club has tried something new in the way of diving this year, that is diving after oysters, but without any luck. The idea was put to us by Murray Ross who is a friend of the club's president Pat Maloney, who by the way caught the first fish of the year, it being an 18-lb. Ling Cod. One of the club's big things this year is the display of diving pictures and a showcard at the Capitol theater where the movie "20 Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." is being shown in the next few weeks. The purpose of this display is to get more members for the club so that we



PAT MAHONEY, Vancouver Skin Divers, holding his 21-lb. Ling Cod.

can get together with the clubs in the Washington area for the Pacific Coast Spearfishing Championship. When this finally comes about it will be the biggest thing in skin diving up here. In the next few weeks the club is planning a trip up the coast for a change of fishing grounds. One of the club's younger member, Phil Nuytten, is the most enthusiastic member I have ever seen, as he has gone spearfishing without the aid of a rubber suit.

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Illinois . . .

CHICAGO AQUA VENTURES

By DON STANLEY

The Aqua Ventures is a relatively newly formed group, which started last March. Since then we have had some exciting outings. The club consists of 15 members: Hank Banaski, our enthusiastic president; Raymond Marcus, our hard working secretary; and Robert Hill, our accurate treasurer. On Jan. 30, a cold 17 above zero, we decided to try Lake Michigan for a short dive. The visibility was about 4 inches, water temperature about 30 degrees and light very poor. It was quite a sensation to swim in water with pieces of ice floating about. When we washed our face masks out the water would actually freeze before we could replace them. We solved the trouble of our hands becoming cold by inserting plastic rings under our sleeves, bringing the tops of rubber gloves over them and fastening them with surgical tubing.

Eight of our members have just completed their senior life saving course and are now instructing the remainder of our club in its benefits.

We are fortunate to have many beautiful indoor pools in and around our city where we are keeping in shape for the coming season.

Two of the members in our group are now taking up underwater photography and they are very pleased at the 50 and 60 foot visibility in these pools.

Our club at the present time owns a 20-man rubber life raft and a 16-h.p. motor which gets us about adequately.

We are now working on a compressor which we recently purchased and are progressing wonderfully.

We are looking forward to this coming summer when our club is planning a trip to Florida.

If there are any prospective members who would like to join our group please contact Ray Marcus at Pro. 6-6785.

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California . . .

THE EBBTIDERS

By HAROLD GUSTAFSON

May we introduce ourselves, we're the "Ebbtiders," of San Gabriel Valley. Our club is newly formed, but most of our members have been diving for many years. The membership, at present, consists of ten active members, a comparatively small group, but nonetheless active. As the club members are mostly married, the wives take an avid interest in the meetings and actual diving, but they are not voting members, that is left strictly to the men.

We would like to take this opportunity to request of other clubs any information concerning where to find speakers and/or films on any and all phases of skin diving, preferably without charge, as our club has only been organized since Sept. 24, 1954, and our treasury shows it.

Our usual point of debarcation is Laguna Beach, and you can usually find us there on Sunday, some of the more stalwart members make it down during the week, too. On one of our recent trips to Laguna on Sunday, with lunches packed, all the small fry deposited in the back seats of the cars, and the precious spearfishing gear in the trunks, we set off, eager as usual. The main quarry was the ever elusive lobster, but what to the wondering eyes should appear but Sheephead, and the biggest babies we'd ever seen in these waters for many a moon. Harold Gustafson, our publicity chairman, and Don Gottschalk were diving in their usual haunts, looking for lobster, when Gustafson motioned Gottschalk to come over. Don came half way and saw what Harold had seen. And that was a huge sheephead, at least it looked huge underwater. Don let go with his "arbalette," and got one of the biggest, 28-lbs. One thing that bothered them, though, was the fact that the fish had put up no fight. Later, while readying the fish for human consumption, we found out why, Gottschalk's shaft had severed the spine just behind the head.

The sheephead has been the topic of conversation at all our meetings since then, and probably will be until the next



DON GOTTSCHALK of the Ebbtiders and Sheephead, 28 lbs. 36 inches long. Spearred off Divers Cove, Laguna Beach, Calif.

Big One is spearred. Speaking of our meetings, they are held every fourth Friday at various restaurants in the San Gabriel Valley. We'd like to extend an invitation to you all to join us, interested parties may find out where our current meetings are being held by calling Atlantic 4-0529 or EDgewood 7-4542.

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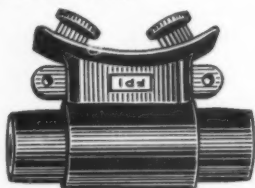
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California . . .

KELP-KINGS OF ALHAMBRA

By AL McCLEAN

This appears to be the yearly newsletter from the Kelp-Kings. We don't have much news to report except plenty of diving-time. As for the big fish and lobsters we seem to be very conservative minded!

Last year, we made two 3-day weekend trips to Baja California, families et al. Memorial Day we were five miles south of the River Rio Guadalupe. Over Labor Day we set up camp five miles south of the Rosarito Hotel. Here the water was dirty but four divers from Scripps retrieved 18 bugs. The balance of the year found us either at Laguna or Catalina, plus one trip to Refugio to find the dirtiest water ever seen. It was so dirty we had to go to the bottom holding hands. This was necessary so the bottom diver would know the direction to the surface.

Our first trophy for the skin diver of the year was awarded last month. The trophy, we think is quite handsome. The figure is a fully equipped skin diver—lung, weight belt, mask, fins, knife, spear, and of course, holding a 50-lb. sea bass. The trophy is awarded by a total point system. On club-organized trips, catches are weighed and measured. At the close of the fiscal year each member submits his best catch of the year in two classifications chosen from lobster, abalone, or edible fish. Lobster and fish score twenty points per pound, and abalone eight points per inch. In addition a vote is cast for the diver doing the most for skin diving during the year. Two points are allocated per 1% of the votes cast. The highest grand total wins.

Three of our members completed the Connie Limbaugh lung diving program at Long Beach in February of last year. In addition seven of our members completed the Los Angeles County lifeguard training program.

California . . .

MARIN SKIN DIVERS, INC.

By STAN GOLDSMITH

The February installation of new officers of the Marin Skin Divers was sparked by John Wellington and Fred Lyon's description of their recent trip to Guaymas, Mexico. The boys used lungs to take underwater pictures and documented the entire trip in travelog fashion. Bill Edwards, star of TV, was welcomed into the club and his enthusiasm and varied experiences underwater are going to prove a big asset to us all. We got another Mermaid—Pat Moore joined up. These girls are giving us a bad time, going into the water with nothing but bathing suits on. They manage to keep their teeth from chattering, too. But we know they are busily constructing foam neoprene suits on the sly. Most of us wouldn't put our little toe in the water around here without a frogman suit on.

New officers are Bud Arey, President; John Hull, Vice President; Bob Sikora, Sec.-Treas.; and Stan Goldsmith, Public Relations. Glad to hear from anyone who wants to dive with us in the Ft. Ross area. Write c/o 1428 4th St., San Rafael.

The Jan. 9th outing to Timber Cove was favored by fair weather and about twenty feet visibility. Twenty feet isn't great for some regions but from Santa Cruz north it's darn good. Everyone limed out on abalone, as usual. Dick Hiland and John Hull got fish too. Now that we are forced to fish more as abalone season is closed it surprised us to find just how many fish are really there when we take the time to find them.

Don't miss the big Marin Rod & Gun Club sport Show at the Bermuda Palms, San Rafael, March 20th. All the latest underwater equipment is expected to be on display as well as actual demonstrations in the swimming pool. The Marin Skin Divers will see you there.

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California . . .

LA JOLLA SKINSTERS

By MIKE CARNAHAN

The La Jolla area has been a bit less productive this winter, what with a succession of storms, one cold and dreary weekend after another, and just a general shortage of bugs and decent-sized fish.

We have made several trips to the Coronados, with pretty fair results, mainly in the lobster dept. The fish out there haven't suffered much, not because of any shortage of same, but because no one has concentrated on them.

We participated, as a club, in the Jan. 9 Midwinter Skin Diving Contest, and by luck, plus a bit of extra skill on the part of Frank Snodgrass, Sergio Mainetto, Frank Leinhaupel, and Dan Stevens, managed to win the trophy, a beautiful shining thing awarded by the A.A.U., and presented by Mayor Butler, of San Diego.

Most of the contestants who got anything of a reasonable size, received a merchandise prize contributed by our generous and forward-looking local merchants. Sergio added an unexpected note to the proceedings, when he won the same prize he had contributed. (A Mares arbelleta he had imported from Italy.) The weather was nice for the day, and all in all a very successful meet.

California . . .

LOS ANGELES NEPTUNES

By TERRY LEWIS

In December, the Los Angeles Neptunes held their annual elections, and the following officers were selected to guide activities through what promises to be a really bright new year. Our new president is Herman Weightman; vice-president is George Wheatcroft. Bob Earle will be secretary, and Jim Leachman, treasurer. Terry Lewis was re-elected to manage publicity, and as such, is the only member of the executive committee not relatively new in our club; these new fellows are a serious bunch of Joes with lots of good nature and plenty of worth-while ideas, and command the greatest respect from all of us.

In passing, it should be acknowledged that the greatest of respect and gratitude is due to our retiring staff members, notably Harry Keever, who did a remarkable job as president, despite an unusually heavy schedule. Men like Harry are the very best kind!

Speaking of fine times, the club is planning a dance whingding, tentatively soon, for our fellow council members. More later.

Well, we all wish you a wet and wonderful diving new year, and let me add this tip: we know skin-divers are the cleanest, but a little extra "beach-policing" when we leave pays big dividends in goodwill and is just good sense!

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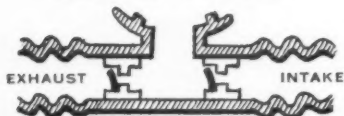
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New Jersey . . .

ATLANTIC COAST MARINE EXPLORERS

By GEORGE R. CRAIG

Well it won't be long now before our club will be starting its outdoor activities on a full scale, but in the meantime we are preparing for the coming season. One of the things on our program is a training course on the use of "SCUBA." This program will include lectures and pool demonstrations by experienced and qualified lung divers, who will attempt to show us the "do's and don'ts" of self contained diving. Any member who plans to use a lung must pass a written test and a pool test to qualify as a lung diver. There are many lung divers around today who know very little if anything about the physics or science of diving. Contrary to popular belief there is a whole lot more to lung diving than just putting it on and going swimming. How many of you know the cause, symptoms, and treatment of the bends, air embolism, and CO₂ poisoning? Through this program we hope to prevent any accidents or deaths due to lack of knowledge about their equipment.

Three cheers for Frederic Dumas and James Dugan for their fine articles on record dives. That's all for this month. So long for now.

California . . .

LONG BEACH JUNIOR NEPTUNES

By TOM CROSSMAN

The months of December and January were eventful for this Long Beach club. Early in December Gary Blockley speared a nineteen pound male sheepshead down south of Laguna. Gary has also been getting some nice lobsters lately. The day he speared the sheepshead he had hold of a bug which he said would have weighed close to twelve pounds. Too bad you can't eat feelers!

Frank Greeno picked up some nice five and six pound bugs recently at Laguna and then to his dismay realized that he didn't have a pot large enough to cook them in. So what could he do but give them to his girl friend.

Jack McNeal recently speared a sixteen pound male sheepshead. Jack and Gary are turning to underwater photography with Jack's Baby Brownie and Gary's new Brownie Hawkeye with homemade plastic case. They're getting some good pictures, too.

Recently Tom Crossman, Gary Blockley, and Gary Mitchell took a trip to the Long Beach breakwater. Several large sheepshead were spotted, but as they were all below fifty feet we decided to leave them alone.



THIS BLUE SHARK was no match for H. B. Wright's spear when the latter met him in the briny deep of Goat Harbor, Catalina. The shark was over six feet in length and weighed over 80 pounds. It was taken with a standard Arbalète. Wright is President of the Long Beach Douglas Division's Trident Club. Forty skin divers from the local plant chartered a power cruiser and a 48 ft. 8 meter sloop for their weekend "hunt." Photo by Nelson (Club vice president).

OCEAN SUNFISH

(Continued from Page 9)

as the Opaleyes harried their reluctant hosts constantly.

With some doubt in our minds, we moved the Sunfish into the circular tank with the great Bottlenosed Dolphins, who have no respect for the unusual and give most of the fish living in their tank with them, a very bad time. It was with some surprise, therefore, that after a cursory inspection and a few playful pokes with their noses, we saw that the dolphins accepted the Sunfish into the somewhat exclusive circle of the circular tank.

So today at Marineland, where visitors may witness many unusual and wonderful sights, they are able to see a young 100-pound Ocean Sunfish, or Mola, and watch it accepting its daily ration of food from the hands of its friend, the diver.

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RELIGIOUS DIVING. Celebrating the famed Feast of the Epiphany, two Greek Orthodox 18-year-old youngsters jumped into icy waters of lower Hudson River at the Battery clad only in shorts to recover the beribboned gold cross. A police launch stood by as the ancient religious rite was observed without regards to temperature.

DIVER FINDS BODY. It is surprising sometimes just how much diving goes on when one scans the news carefully, despite the cold weather. At Valhalla, New York an unidentified diver recovered the body of an 18-year old youth who jumped or fell into the Kensico Reservoir. No depth was given, but the temperature was in the twenties.

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California . . .

THE AQUA FAMILIAS

By PAT HARRELSON

Announcing: The arrival of our newest member — Robin Sue Kennedy — born Dec. 27, which puts Mamma Jerry back into the swim again. Here's to Jerry's future diving. At the same time Dottie Frazier will be out of the swim for awhile — good luck Dottie, while waiting for your new arrival.

Jake Frazier and his son, Darrel, took a trip north and landed a nice catch. Jake came home with a nice 10 pound sheepshead and bugs, and Darrel with a couple of cabazone. We are proud of Darrel as a junior member.

We are also proud of Marge Brandmeir because she learned to swim just last summer and since then she has shown us that she is all out for being a good skin diver, by battling those waves, kelp and all that goes with diving. Which goes to show if a woman wants to dive, she can.

Our club is looking for couples, man and wife, that both dive, to become members. Anyone in the Long Beach area who might be interested, call Jerry Kennedy at 902-824, or drop a card to 1204 Loma Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

Now men, let's get your wives diving and join up with the Aqua Familias, the club for the whole family.

Wisconsin . . .

MID-WEST AMPHIBIANS

By LEE E. GLEASON

Nine of us have successfully finished our senior life saving course under the able guidance of Lyle Larcheid, Red Cross Safety instructor.

These nine life guard emblems plus a few others already in the club will indeed be a proud display for our club on all future dives.

Some of us plan on taking the Red Cross Water Safety Instructors course starting in March.

Four of our members put on a display in the Kenosha Basin on January 30 as a publicity stunt for a Kenosha, Wisconsin theater which was showing "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea."

Most of our diving in recent weeks has been beneath the ice of our favorite local stone quarry. It is a real thrill to glide along beneath the ice.



AQUA FAMILIAS, back from the breakwater with the day's catch.

California . . .

SEA LANCERS

By BILL ANDERSON

Club elections were held last month. The new officers are: Pres., John Hall; Vice. Pres., Gene Daniels; Sec., Bill Anderson; Treas., Dick Schreiber; Sgt.-at-Arms, Gary Hall; and our Council Rep., John Logan. The officers were installed last meeting. John Logan was giving a plaque for his fine job as our last year's president. There were refreshments and dancing after the meeting.

The officers will try to follow a program which consists of: at least one trip to one of the islands each month. Reports from each group of divers at each meeting and a trophy for the best catch by a member of one of these groups, as well as the regular trip trophy. Rank within the club according to ability (LUCK?). There were caricatures of humorous events on some of our last year's trips, by Toby Schreiber which were enjoyed at the meeting.

John Hall, Dick Schreiber and myself went with John Logan to Catalina on John's new 46 ft. motor-sailer. The diving wasn't too productive, the best catch was John Hall's 7-lb. cabazone. But a swell time was had by all.

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New York . . .

LONG ISLAND DOLPHINS, INC.

By AL HOFFMAN

Our silence during the past few months was caused by a reorganization of our club, including a new constitution, aims and programs. Our annual elections were held in January and we now have six executive officers plus a six-man board of directors and six main committees with their heads and members. Our club's program for the year will include our continued conservation work, greater emphasis on water safety, cooperation and services to various civic and local government groups, intra and inter club meets and activities and courses on lung devices.

On February 12th to February 20th, the Long Island Sportsman Show is being held at the Jamaica Armory, Jamaica, N. Y. We will again have a booth there manned by alternate shifts of our members. At this writing we understand we have the space next to the SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE exhibit and look forward to meeting their representatives.

On February 26th we are sponsoring the second annual Trophy Dinner of the East Coast Underwater Spearfishing Association to be held at the Hotel McAlpin, N. Y. C. The dinner is in honor of the New York Blackfish, who won the East Coast Spearfishing Meet held last summer. Our baked ham Hawaiian style dinner (no fish) will be highlighted by guest speakers such as Gustave Dalla Valle, Al Van Derkogel, Julie Daws and others, in addition to several films.

During March the National Sportsman Show will be held in New York City and we will be represented there again with our booth.

Zero temperatures have not stopped several of our members from going to various lakes in New Jersey and Connecticut where they chopped holes in two feet of ice and went lung diving (notice we didn't say skin diving). Each diver was tethered to a 100 foot rope held by a safety man on the ice. The ice covering permitted the suspension to settle and also diffused the light which gave good visibility. Pictures and movies were taken on these excursions, but no fish were seen (they probably went South for the winter).

For those wishing it, our new permanent address is P.O. Box 165, Flushing, N. Y., and our meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month at the Flushing Bay Motor Boat Club at 8 p. m. Good fishing.

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California . . .

NEWPORT HARBOR SUB-MARINERS

By ALAN WHITE

On the whole, diving's been pretty good for the Sub-Mariners these past few months. With clear water making up somewhat for the iciness of winter diving, limits have been taken of lobster and Pismo clams, together with some fair-sized fish. The most spectacular catch of late was made by John Miller, club treasurer, off South Laguna. A giant Blue Shark was "de-activated" when Johnny sunk his shaft (with a standard, non-detachable, non-explosive spear-head) into the 110-lb. fish and claimed him for his own. Naturally, the shark had other ideas, but with Bill Silzle's help, John won the struggle.

A sad tale can be told by John Lafferty. This one concerns a 6-lb. rockfish and a hole in a gunnysack.

Jimmy Trodglan wasn't sad, though, on another day when he nabbed an 11-lb. lobster at South Laguna. Ted Pederson has also been doing good on the bugs at one of his favorite spots, the Balboa jetty. Don Harper recently shot a 5-lb. Calico bass and Al White a Cabazon of the same weight. John Burkett has been getting limits of Pismos every weekend at Newport.

Texas . . .

"CREATURES"

By A/IC WM. HARBECK

The members of the "Creatures" club are planning a trip to the Gulf to test two new lungs that arrived recently. The "Creatures" are hoping that the new lungs will help us overcome the handicap of murky water and unsuitable skin diving conditions that has been encountered on former trips to the Gulf.

Activity in the club has slowed down due to bad weather conditions of the past weeks. But the "Creatures" have kept in condition by training in the local spring fed river. This river stays a constant temperature all year, "FREEZING."

We think the name "Creatures" is well suited, as one day upon emerging from our river haunts, we frightened two fishermen so bad they took off in a dead run, or maybe they thought anyone that would swim in a river in January must be crazy.

We are still trying to locate some clear water on the Texas Gulf, but so far no luck.

Anyone living in the San Marcos area, that would like to join our club is welcome to get in touch with us through "Skin Diver."

All present members are stationed at Gary A.F.B., but the club is not limited to Air Force personnel.

California . . .

LOCKHEED SKIN DIVERS

By DON LEITCH

This being our first appearance in "The Skin Diver," we would like to extend our greetings to all other clubs. We are a rather new club but have a fairly large membership of about fifty.

Being a very active club with year around divers, we manage one or two island trips a month. On our last trip fourteen of us journeyed to the Coronados Islands. Despite January's stormy weather and the great number of seals, we managed to land some nice fish. We also took some bugs, the largest weighing 12-lbs.

During our last meeting, we held our semi-annual elections. Don Gartrell being elected President; Frank Oling, Vice-President; George Fisk, Secretary; Bernie Eggert was appointed Treasurer, and yours truly, Publicity Director. The club would like to thank the outgoing officers, Dick Rogers, Phil Warander and Jane Fligel for doing a wonderful job.

In closing, we would like to invite any members of other clubs to attend our meetings which are being held on the last Tuesday of every month at the L. E. R. C. Building, 2814 Empire St., Burbank.

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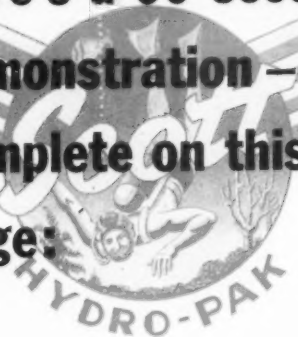
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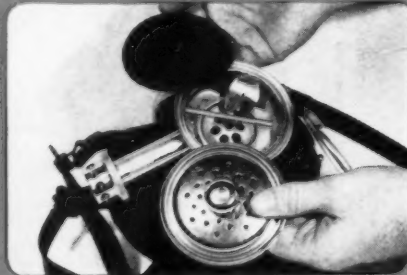
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